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LOVE.

BY NELLIE A. GHENT.

Love is like a sparkling gem,
Fit for queenly diadem;
Hidden far from mortal sight,
Till some miner's brawny hand
Delving mid the rocks and sand
Reveals it to the sight.

Or like a strain of music grand,
Which drawn from keys by master hand
Doth on the air depart;
And, floating o'er the careless crowd
Unheeded in the laughter loud,
Falls deep upon some heart.

Unchangeable and undefined
It links the kindred mind to mind
With power that never dies;
But reaches onward far through space
Until it finds a resting place
At last in Paradise.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LITTLE LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

I SAT down for five minutes beside Mere Lucas, who still slept; and then as she made no sign of waking, I left her.

The sailor named Peter was in the next cabin clearing the table; he said he had a pot of tea all ready for the old lady, and promised me he would keep a bright look-out and be smart in his attentions as soon as she roused up.

The beauty of the sky and sea seemed to take my breath away as I stood upon the deck and looked round me.

There was scarcely any movement in the water, and so little wind that now and then the sail played idly.

No land was in sight, nothing but the wide-spread sea, the overarching sky and a golden radience where the sun dipped below the horizon.

I wonder if my dear father, who wrote upon great subjects, could have described this scene?

I cannot, and there is no need to make the attempt, here, for surely I can never forget it.

My heart seemed to swell within me, and for a time I was overpowered with a feeling of reverence for the Great Creator of the world which was so grand and beautiful to my eyes.

I know not how long I stood there holding by the wood at the top of the stairs, when I perceived John Brown, and awoke, as it were, from the ecstasy in which my mind was enthralled.

He was seated at a little distance to my right, his elbow on his knee and his bearded jaw resting in the palm of his hand, regarding me intently while he smoked his pipe.

He pointed to a low chair by his side, and I went and sat down.

He must have known that I did not want to talk just then, for he said nothing, but continued to smoke his pipe as if I were not there; and I felt grateful for his considerate silence.

Presently Barton came, with coffee and a dish of curious-looking fruit that provoked my curiosity.

By the time John Brown had told me where the fruit came from and I had tasted it, and sweetened my coffee and tasted that, my thoughts had come down to their ordinary level.

The sun sank down and down, but his glory rested for a long while on the sea and sky.

Watching the beautiful change of colors, we were both silent, for it was not a subject on which one could talk thoughtlessly.

Now and then John Brown spoke a few words—of a cloud flushing with rose as it caught a lingering ray, of a golden ripple on the water, of the cold sadness in the forsaken east; but he smoked on all the time until his pipe was empty, and then he rose and left me.

I thought of my friends in Neufbourg, and wished them with me to share my delight.

I reflected how little the people who dwell all their lives in one place know of the beauty of the world they live in, and how little they care even for the beauties that surround them, knowing no contrast.

While I was in this reverie, my knitted shawl was laid over my shoulders, and, turning in surprise, I found it was John Brown who cared for me.

One must have a good heart who, wanting no protection for himself, can yet feel solicitude for the want of another.

"Let us walk up and down a bit; shall we?" he asked; and then, as I rose, he continued, "You shall grow sad if you watch those dying colors longer. You were looking as grave as a little judge when I came upon you just now. I should like to know what was going on in your mind."

"I was thinking how much there is to be seen in the world, and how little many people see."

"They make their advantages, those little-seeing people."

"I can't understand that," said I.

"That's because you have seen so little. Have you read Hans Anderson's beautiful stories?"

"Yes."

"What did that poor little water-maid get by knowing more than her sisters?"

"She got an immortal soul. And it was better to break her heart than to live for a whole lifetime carelessly, and be nothing but sea-foam afterwards."

John Brown made no reply, and we walked up and down the deck twice or thrice without a word; but he must have been thinking upon the subject, for, when he stopped and leaned upon the side of the ship, he said—

"This is about the time the sisters should come to the surface; we may be lucky enough to see one, Gertie."

He spoke so seriously that I could not at the moment think he was joking.

"You don't believe in mermaids, do you?" I asked.

He looked at me with a curious interest in his face, and then, smiling, he said—

"No; but I believe in sirens."

I did not at all understand what he meant. His manner perplexed me.

"You believe in sirens?" I said.

"Yes, if I'm not mistaken in my mythological nations. They were rare young persons who changed the Argonauts into brutes weren't they?"

"No—oh, no! They failed to make any impression on the Argonauts because Ulysses made them deaf that they might not hear their singing. Then the sirens killed themselves in despair. She was an enchantress; but the sirens were half monsters and half beautiful nymphs."

"Ah, it's so long since I left school!" said John Brown. "The siren I spoke of is a mixture of the two—rather more than half monster, addicted to the use of dress, and, for the rest, beautiful enough. Hans Anderson's nymphs are ten thousand times better to think about. Let us look for them."

"But I should like to know about the siren. I am very fond of fiction."

"Oh, but this is a fact!"

"I'm almost as fond of facts," I said, laughing; for, to tell the truth, I was curious to know what he really did mean.

"So you will know more—eh?" he asked; and then, rising from the side he thrust his hands into his pockets, and we again walked along the deck. "She lives somewhere over there," he said, nodding his head towards the north. "Nobody loves her, and she loves nobody; but, as she never did love any one, it requires a good breadth of philantropy to feel any pity for her."

"But some one must have loved her, or there wouldn't be any story."

"That's true. Well, once upon a time a young fellow—he must have been a prince, he was so very stupid—went sailing along, with the wind in his favor, a clear sky above, and not a care in his heart until he came to the island where the siren always lived.

"She sat upon the yellow sands and sang of pleasant things, and beckoned to the prince to come and sing with her.

"You may be sure she took care to conceal all that was objectionable about her, so that the prince saw only that which was beautiful, and heard no more than the sweet sound of her voice.

"The nearer he came to her the more beautiful she seemed to him; and, as she smiled and beckoned, he lost all thought of what might become of him, and, altering the course of his boat, he made straight for the yellow sands.

"If he had been a careful sailor, he would have kept a little away from that dangerous shore and parleyed with the doubtful lady, and made himself sure that she was concealing nothing unpleasant from his sight.

"But being only a prince, he took so little heed that his boat—which was called if I remember rightly, the Good Fortune—struck upon the hidden rocks and went to pieces there and then.

"So there was no getting away from the the siren after that; and he soon found that, though she could sing so sweetly of love she had none at all in her heart, and that, except her beautiful face, all was hideous and loathsome.

"And, now that she saw he was in her power, she made scarcely any attempt to deceive him as to her real nature.

"With that the romance of that young fellow's life came to an end, and he had to resign himself to the disagreeable necessity of living a loveless life in the society of this very repulsive young person.

"But that was not the only punishment entailed by his recklessness.

"You, who remember so well your 'Mongnall's Questions,' may divine that worse was in store for the prince. The process of brutalization began.

"When he found his likeness in a pool, he perceived that his features were losing their delicacy.

"When he heard his own voice, which was now seldom used for singing purposes, he discovered that it had lost its sweetness.

"The change was going on in his whole being.

"He could not see things as he had seen them with his youthful eyes; he could not even think of things in the old young spirit.

"It puzzled him at first where this change would end.

"He soon saw the direction his metamorphosis was taking.

"He was gradually becoming like the creature he most despised and hated, and in his altered form he detected a growing likeness of the siren."

"And what became of him ultimately?" I asked, for John Brown then ceased to speak.

"Oh, the story breaks off there!"

"No story ends like that," said I. "If the tale is of your own inventing you ought to finish it off properly."

"That is just where I fail as a good story-teller. I can begin a tale well; but when I've got my characters into a difficulty, and it's to bring about a happy denouement, I break down. Now how should you finish that, Gertie?"

"I should make his return to humanity depend upon the love of a good girl."

"That's a capital idea!"

"And, just as the siren's society brutalised him, so the better woman's ministering would humanize him."

"Why that's quite logical! But how is he to get away from the siren?"

"Oh, she'd have to die, of course; and then the really beautiful and perfect nymph would come and marry him!"

"Ah! But supposing the siren wouldn't die until the prince's nature had so changed that physically and morally he was loathsome? What sort of a princess would have him? Not a very good-looking one, I'm afraid."

"Yes, she would, if her heart were good as well as her looks."

"That's the only weak part of the hypothesis. A forced unnatural conclusion will spoil my story. Better leave it fragmentary. I'll put the siren out of the way and welcome, if you can only prove to my satisfaction that the pretty princess will marry my stupid brute of a prince. Do you think it likely, for example, that you would marry him if you were in the young princess's place?"

"Of course I would," said I, "if I knew that by marrying him and using all the power I had I could bring him back to his former state.

"Any girl would jump at such a choice. That's just the very thing that is wanting to make marriage perfect, in my opinion—the prospect of doing some great work to earn her husband's love and admiration and trust and confidence."

"You are right, Gertie," he said, after a long silence. "You can finish a story better than I can begin one even. See what a lot of stars have come out!"

Indeed the heaven's were now thickly sprinkled with glittering silver points, which had come out while we were discussing in this manner; for I have not written one quarter of our conversation, but merely the outline of it.

* * * * * *

Mere Lucas had been drinking some *tisanne* that Peter the sailor had prepared for her.

The little cabin was very close and stuffy and smelt very strong of rum.

My poor old bonne was cross and fretful, and would on no account allow the small round window to be opened.

So John Brown advised me to sleep in a hammock which he arranged in the room where we had dined.

"Go and take off any bone things you may have on and bring a pillow," said he; and I felt bound to do as he told me, for he spoke in an authorative way that would not allow of question.

I took off my corsets in the little cabin and put on my flannel *matinee* in place of my dress, and, then I took the pillow into the other cabin.

He was still arranging the hammock, which was curious and beautiful—of Mexican make, he told me—with its open network and deep fringes of colored silk.

"I've been thinking, Gertie, that I should like to look at that book your father wrote," said he. "Have you any objection to my seeing it?"

Of course I had no objection.

I went to my box and carrried one of the parcels of manuscript to John Brown—one was as much as I could easily carry at a time.

"Is it all here?" he asked, taking the parcel out of my hands.

"Oh, dear, no; there are five more like that! I'll fetch them."

"One'll be about enough for to-night," he said, laughing. "Now then, your hammock is ready for you."

It was about two feet from the ground; but it swung lightly with the motion of the boat.

And I stood wondering how I should get in, remembering how Robinson Crusoe fell over on the other side when he attempted to get into a hammock; but, while I was holding it, John Brown lifted me up as though I had been no heavier than a kitten, yet as tenderly as possible, and, before I knew what was happening, I found myself lying in the hammock with my head on the pillow.

He laid some warm soft skin rug over me, and tucked them under my feet, which I had slipped into my *chaussons*; and then, coming to my head, asked if I was quite comfortable.

I thanked him, and held out my hand, saying—

"Good night," for he seemed now quite an old friend, or as, I should think, an uncle would be to me, by reason of his easy manner and a certain kind of protective familiarity which was unlike the behavior of any man I have ever met except my dear father.

He held my hand for a moments, looking down into my face the while; then he bent down and kissed my forehead, and I think he sighed as he turned away and left me.

When I had said my prayers, I began to wonder whether John Brown had left the cabin or not.

The light was still burning, and I had not heard him go up-stairs, and, being very curious to know whether he was reading my father's book—of which I cannot help being proud—I presently turned my head round very quietly and glanced round the room.

He was seated by the table, with his hand upon the parcel of manuscript, which was unopened.

He was not looking at it, and he did not move his hand.

I wondered what he could be thinking about as I turned silently to my former position.

And soon afterwards I fell asleep, saying to myself that, if my countrymen were all like John Brown, the French were not to be compared with them for niceness.

No one was in the cabin when I awoke the next morning.

The sunlight streamed through the glazed opening above, and the light reflected from the water, coming in through the little window in the side, danced fantastically upon the ceiling.

I got out of my hammock without difficulty, there being even less movement than on the preceding evening, and, opening the port, peeped out.

To my surprise, I found that the ship was quite stationary, and that the land was but a little distance away.

I could see children on the shore in front of the pretty houses.

I make haste to get upon deck; but it took me a little time to decide whether I should put on my leather shoes and old dress, or my best frock and my Louis Quinze shoes.

I finally dressed myself in my best, for the sea-water had taken all the polish off my other shoes, and my old merino would not go at all with the shoes; and, beside that, I did not want John Brown to remember me as a kind of half-savage peasant-girl.

It was the first time of wearing my new dress.

When I looked at myself in the glass, I found it very becoming, the black-net sleeves and bodice making my arms and neck look very nice.

John Brown was seated with a book on his knee; but he saw me the moment I stepped upon the deck, and, dropping the book into his capacious pocket, came to meet me.

"That's the Isle of Wight," said he. "Portsmouth is beyond—over there. We're waiting for the wind. If it freshens, we can go on; if it doesn't we must stop here. But there's a rail which will take you to the other side of the island, and thence a steamer will run you over to Portsmouth. You can go that way if you are in a hurry to escape."

His brusqueness and the short manner in which he laid this matter before me, without even shaking hands or exchanging the ordinary morning greetings, surprised and, I will own, frightened me; and for the moment I heartily wished I had not been so foolish as to put on my best dress—for to that only could I attribute the great difference in his behavior to me.

He thought me a peasant, and treated me with parental familiarity and kindness because he liked peasants; and now my appearance, and perhaps my father's book, showed him that he had been in error, and he set me down for a "young lady," that sort of person for whom he had expressed his dislike.

"I am not in a hurry to escape," I said; and then, feeling rather indignant at his unreasonable treatment, added, "Are you?"

"In the manner of Captain Kidd," he replied, a little crease forming under his eyes. "Here comes Barton with your *gouter*; I thought you would like to have it here rather than below—the morning is so beautiful. That'll do, Barton. Fetch me some beer."

He handed me a napkin, then the bowl of milk and coffee, and a crisp new roll, for which he must have sent to the island expressly, I thought.

With the napkin spread on my lap, and my coffee upon my knees, I could soak the bread and eat, looking at the beautiful island the while.

"I needn't ask you how you are," said he, "unless you decline to give me your hand without that formality.

"You slept as I should think angels sleep, and you look like"—he paused, as if to find a suitable comparison—"like nothing in the world that ever I've seen but yourself.

"You seem to have brought the sparkle and life and wholesome purity from your beloved waterfalls away there in Neufbourg.

"I believe this little hand of yours could heal by touch.

"I shall send for you when the doctors doctors give me up—— Why, you little goose, what's the matter? Do I look as if I were going to die?"

"No. But, all the same, I'd rather not talk about it."

I took my hand from his, and busied myself with my breakfast.

He said not a word for some minutes.

I believe he was regarding me, but I would not look up because the tears were in my eyes, and I did not want him to see how stupid I was.

It is true—I am goose.

My heart will ache at the thought of death and loss.

A strong man can have but little patience with such weakness.

When he spoke again, it was of the island, and in quite another mood.

He had seated himself near me, and sat leaning forward with his arms resting on his knees.

He said that we were looking at the prettier end of the island, and that it would disappoint me to see it closer, by reasons of the people on it.

There was a rather vulgar set of visitors on this side, who came, as it appeared, chiefly for the pleasure of carving their names on any unscathed surface they were lucky enough to find.

They would stare very hard at me—staring was one of their peculiarities—and they would in all likelihood laugh at Mere Lucas—to laugh at any one unlike themselves being a special characteristic of cockneys. The natives, he assured me, were harmless though born with instincts which would have led them to be brigands, had they not found it more remunerative to let lodgings.

The other side of the island was dull and relegated to "swells"—persons who were rather ridiculous than offensive, and amused themselves with toy-boats called yachts.

He pointed out a most graceful and beautiful-looking ship not far from where we were anchored, and assured me that the decks were washed every morning with rose-water, and manned with sailors who wore kid gloves and patent-leather pumps.

It seemed to me that he found nothing to admire in mankind and a great deal to despise.

One thing was certain—he was not discontented with me, though he had had ample time to observe my new dress and my shoes as well.

His manner to me was as kind as it had been on the night before, and this set me wondering why his behavior at first had been so different, and what he meant by saying he wished to escape in the manner of Captain Kidd.

These speculations so completely occupied my mind after a while that I took very little notice of what he was talking about; but, when he ceased to speak, I said to him, as I folded up my napkin—

"Who was Captain Kidd?"

"A consummate rascal, I should say," he replied.

"Then why did you wish to do anything that he did?"

"Oh, that's what you've been thinking about these last few minutes—eh?" he cried, after a moment or two of reflection. "I couldn't make out at first what you referred to. You want another story, I suppose?"

"I want to know what you meant."

He had filled his pipe when I finished my coffee, and now he lit it.

"Captain Kidd, if I remember rightly," he said, punctuating his sentence with a whiff of smoke, "was an honest mariner—until he fell in love.

"If he smuggled anything it must have been British brandy—for he loved his country and hated the French, like a good mariner of the old school.

"Now one day, as he was walking about a British city, with no sort of guilt in his heart, and his hands in his pockets, he was accosted by a young gentleman, who said he wished to speak a few words with him on a matter of business.

"Captain Kidd, who never let slip an opportunity of turning an honest penny, at once turned into an adjacent tavern and called for a bottle, which he generously shared with the young gentleman.

"Stimulated by half a pint of Madeira, the young gentleman, who showed symptoms of nervousness at the offset, put his affairs plainly before Captain Kidd.

He was desperately in love with a young lady of Bath named Susan, and they had resolved to be married.

"But as both parties were minors, and the parents on each side were opposed to the match, their union could only be effected clandestinely.

"Now the question was, Would Captain Kidd, for a purse of gold, take the young people beyond the reach of their guardians where they could be married in peace? The Captain, after mature deliberation, in which he assured himself that, if he did not take the purse of gold and the young people, another captain would, consented to oblige the young gentleman, if, after seeing the young lady, he was convinced she was a consenting party to their elopement.

"This assurance was easily to be obtained and the two men drove over to Bath in a post-chaise that very afternoon, where the blushing Susan confirmed with her own lips all that her lover had attested. It was agreed that at day-break the next morning these three persons should meet upon the quay at Bristol, and thence embark aboard the Captain's barque.

"As an earnest of his intention the young gentleman gave Kidd the purse of gold in advance, and they separated amicably.

"But the Captain had fallen in love with Susan at the first glance, and for the rest of the day and the whole of the ensuing night he could do nothing but walk about in a state of frantic excitement, murmuring the name of Susan and cursing his fate.

"It was gall and wormwood to him to think of uniting the young person he adored to the young man he heartily detested; and, if he had not received the purse of gold and possessed the traditional honesty of a British tar, he would have set sail and left the young people in the lurch, to be caught by their parents and torn asunder.

"However at the appointed hour, there he was upon the quay, with his boat ready to start.

"As luck would have it, Susan had brought her boxes with her, and there was only just room in the Captain's gig for the young lady and her luggage and the Captain.

"So it was arranged that the young gentleman should wait on the quay until the Captain had put his cargo on board and returned for him.

"And there he might have waited till this day without seeing the fulfilment of his wishes.

"No sooner had Kidd shoved off from the quay than, tempted by the ravishing beauty of Susan and the evil prompting of his jealous heart, he boldly determined to play his rival false; and he did. As soon as he had Susan and luggage on board, he slipped his cable and sailed away to the southern sea."

"What become of them?" I asked.

"I don't know. Captain Kidd never returned to Bristol, you may be sure; but he was subsequently heard of in the South Pacific.

"What became of Susan I can't tell. As usual, my story breaks down in the middle. Can you finish it happily?"

"I don't see how such a story could finish happily."

"It's pretty certain that Susan did not care greatly for the young gentleman, or her eyes wouldn't have been so ready to bewitch Captain Kidd. Evidently she had no affection for her parents. The Captain could be very agreeable now and then; and there are some vastly pleasant places in the South Pacific. Don't you think they have settled down on an island, and lived happily ever after?"

"That depends upon whether she was a nice girl or not."

"Oh, there's no doubt about that! She was a little thoughtless perhaps, being young; but she had the qualities that make a good woman."

"Then she could never have been happy nor he either; and the better they grew, the more wretched they would have become."

"You're right, Gertie. They would have to strangle conscience to be happy, and get but a poor shabby sort of happiness, after all. And, heavens, how they would have quarrelled in bad weather!" After a pause he asked, "Have you read the 'Corsair,' Gertie?"

"No. Why?"

"I was wondering whether the heroine in that story would have been the same if Byron had known you."

It was after luncheon, when the ship was once more under sail, and John Brown and I were leaning upon the side, looking at the beautiful island as its woods and downs and grand cliffs passed before our eyes, that he said to me—

"I dipped into the cosmographical dictionary last night, Gertie."

"Did you like it?" I asked, feeling a little glow of pride in my heart.

"Moderately," he replied. "I don't remember ever being very much carried away by facts. Nature has bumped my head in queer places, and my brain is dull to perceive charms which strike many others with admiration. My limited judgment permits me to speak only in a general way, and in a general way I should say the dictionary is a great work."

"Papa was fifteen years compiling it."

"He must have had a great deal of patience."

"He loved me very dearly."

He said nothing until the pain that this recollection caused me had passed; and then—

"He must have had a lot of books and maps, and so on, for reference."

"Yes; but they were all sold with the furniture. Papa had not written any article for the Anthropologist for a long while—he was so anxious to finish the dictionary. And there were a good many bills to be paid at the last."

"Yes," said he thoughtfully. "What are you going to do when you get to London?"

"I shall find the editor of the Anthropologist, and ask his advice about papa's book.

"I wrote to him from Neufbourg, but no answer came; so I suppose the office of the magazine is removed. Of course I can find that out by inquiry."

"Yes; and, if he can get you a good price for it, what shall you do—go back to your friends at Neufbourg?"

"I shall not go back there."

"Why not?"

I reflected a moment; and then, perceiving that it would be false modesty to conceal my reason, I answered as firmly as I could—

"Because I believe there is something better to do than to rest all one's life in a remote village amongst half-educated people."

"Oh, dear! You don't think of becoming a doctor, or giving lectures to the working-classes, or elevating the tone of the stage, I hope?"

"No," said I. "If I do stupid things, it will not be in any of those directions. I think I should like to travel with pleasant people—a lady with two or three nice daughters who don't mind my being a little ignorant, or some maiden with cultivated tastes and refined manners—gentlewomen such as I have read of——"

"And are not likely to find——"

"If I look only for their faults," I said sharply, capping him as he had capped me.

"That's true, Gertie. I know my mother was the best woman in the world; but I dare say there are many sons who can say the same thing.

"Don't mind what I said; you will find friends.

"I don't know who might if you can't. Have you thought what you would do if the publisher's don't give a good price? I should think the work would be costly to produce with all those little maps; and the reading public, so far as my observation leads me to think, dont jump at cosmographical dictionaries.

"Now supposing the booksellers won't snap it up, but keep you in suspense dangling about their offices—oh?"

"I have thought of that. I don't expect to succeed the very first day. I know it may be weeks or months before it is all settled."

"Yes. Do you mind telling me how much money you have, Gertie?"

"Over twelve hundred francs."

"About fifty pounds—yes. And supposing, Gertie, some Humboldt of a fellow has just produced a big work of this kind, and the publishers daren't take your father's book at all?"

"Do you think that is likely?"

"It is an ugly possibility."

"After all," I said, when I had looked at the matter in this new light, "it is only a question of time and patience. In time there will be a demand for another work of this kind, and then papa's dictionary will be accepted.

"I don't think papa would have given so much time and labor to his book if he had not been quite certain of the result."

"Very likely; but a literary man secluded from the world is likely to miscalculate results, I should say.

"He may think, for example, that literary excellence will ensure the success of a literary work; whereas so far as my observation goes, literary excellence is the last thing that publishers are concerned about. If I dishearten you, it is not wilfully or wantonly.

"You have enough trouble to face without those that careless conversation may add.

"But, you see, I want to find out if you are prepared to meet the worst that may befall you.

"You've made me responsible for your welfare, to a certain degree."

"I?"

"Yes. If a fledgling had the mischance to flutter down from his nest in the rock up there, and fell upon the deck, I should feel bound to see that he could use his wings and feet before I suffered him to flutter away into the sea.

"And, before I let you go, I want to know how you are prepared to buffet against adversities.

"What will you do, for instance," while the publishers are settling the destinies of the cosmographical dictionary?"

"I shall take a very small apartment in London, and live as cheaply as ever I can."

"You don't know what London is like, Gertie—less than the fledgling up there knows of the waters down here, and their dangers.

"Of living cheaply in apartments I have only a vague notion; but it is enough to make me shudder at the thought of your attempting it.

"What kind of people would you mix with? What sort of existence would you lead?"

"The same as other girls in my position. It's no good thinking I am better if I'm not."

He took no head of my reply—he seemed not to hear it, but looked steadily across the water, under his bent brows, in silent thought.

"I know what we'll do, Gertie," he said presently, turning to me with a more cheerful expression on his face; "we'll run into Yarmouth, instead of going to Portsmouth, and you shall take lodgings there. You'll find them cheaper and better than any you could get in London, and stand a fair chance of finding the publishers you are in search of.

"You can keep your old house with you; and I'll go up to London and sell your dictionary.

"A man can bargain with another man better than a young girl can; and, if the fellow won't publish it at once, I'll make him give me some money down—enough to keep you for a year or two—and promise that the rest shall be paid upon publication."

"Oh, you are good!"

That was all I could say or think of at the moment.

"It's the first time I've ever heard it said

of me—with any appearance of sincerity," he replied, with a laugh.

"But it won't do," I went on, as I began to see the impossibility of carrying out his plan.

"Oh, don't let's have any young-lady nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You need not fear that I shall take advantage of your good nature in permitting me to do this little service.

"When I've brought you back the money for your book, I'll bid you good bye—perhaps I'll kiss your forehead as I kissed it last night—and then I'll set sail, and give you my oath never to see you again."

Had he struck me with his hand, I should not have felt more pained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For A Fortune.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

IT was a little odd, at first sight, the idea of Kitty Bruce marrying old John Treworthy, he on his deathbed, and her lover, Charles Lawrence, just at her elbow.

John Treworthy had two wards, Clara Brandon and Kitty Bruce; one the child of his sister, the other so distantly connected as to be a relative in little more than the name.

The haughty Clara had gone to Harold Mourdant a dowerless bride—a whim of old John Treworthy's.

The magnanimous Harold had shrugged his shoulders.

Rich men could afford to be eccentric.

As for himself, how could he look at his bride and think of—what should he call it? —dross!

But when, a year subsequent to the wedding, John Treworthy proved bankrupt, then were there frowns on the part of the disinterested Harold, and reproachful tears and coldness from his wife.

But Kitty Bruce was not so quick to forget the benefits her relative had showered upon her in prosperity.

So in his adversity she put him into a little cottage, and the talent which his money had developed now brought them bread.

For a year she struggled thus.

Then a legacy of a hundred thousand found old John Treworthy with all his eccentricities intensified, and with a stubborn tenacity of purpose which even Kitty could not shake.

But fortune's smiles did what her frown had failed to do—he broke down under them.

Then Mrs. Mourdant, who for a year had not entered her uncle's humble abode, was suddenly affected with a daughter's solicitude.

The diplomatic Harold had cautioned her—

"Don't urge a will. You know, while you are his sister's child, Miss Bruce is nobody knows how distantly connected.

"Disinterested affection, my dear, that's our card."

Medical skill had pronounced dissolution imminent.

He might not live through the day.

He certainly would not linger another night.

Under such circumstances it is a little trying to have a man refuse to make a will.

But that is what eccentric old John Treworthy did.

"I want you to have the money, Rosebud; but I can't make a will—I won't make a will.

"They always break wills; and they'd get it away from you.

"But they shall never finger a penny of it.

"Hang me, if I wouldn't marry first, and leave it to my widow. Bless my soul, there's an idea.

"Why shouldn't I marry you, little Rosebud? It would only be for a few hours."

"Oh, hush, uncle, hush!" whispered Kitty, with her face in the counterpane.

"Oh, horror!" shrieked Mrs. Mourdant, with her white, aristocratic hands in the air. "Marry your own flesh and blood."

Then had testy John Treworthy answered—

"Confound it! why shouldn't I marry her, if I want to and she is willing? I am about as nearly related to her as to the prophet Isaiah."

"Oh, this is sacrilege! And I believe that brazen thing is going to accept."

"Accept? Of course she will. Can't we swear to love each other as long as we both shall live, little Rosebud?

"You're the only one that ever did care for me."

Kitty had drawn herself to her full height with flaming cheeks.

At that instant she had no idea of consenting to the marriage.

Her lover stood near; and before she could reply, he said—

"Accept."

An instant she flashed her eyes upon him.

In that instant her mind underwent a sudden revolution.

Turning, she placed her hand in that of her dying relative, and said—

"I do accept."

Mrs. Mourdant uttered a little scream.

All her castles had vanished into thin air.

"Oh, you brazen thing!" she cried, spitefully. "You have been manœuvring for this all along."

"What, during the past year, while she has been a daughter to me in poverty?" laughed the old man.

"Mrs. Mourdant, you have shown yourself during this time, and that's all I have to say to you.

"Rosebud, there's just the man in this world that can marry me; and that's Wesley Richardson.

"We were old schoolfellows. Wes and I. Send for him, will you?"

Mrs. Mourdant had a bright idea, and acted upon it promptly.

With a pencil she wrote on her tablets—

"Get the swiftest horse in town and drive to the Rev. Wesley Richardson's R——. Make any excuse, but keep him away from her for twenty-four hours. A hundred thousand is at stake!"

This she dispatched to her husband, instructing her servant to make haste in delivering it, and to take his time coming back.

"Of course you will want a carriage, Mr. Lawrence," she said to that gentleman, blandly.

"My servant has not yet returned with some jelly and wine which he went after; but I expect him every moment, and he will go for you."

"What an old snake-in-the-grass!" thought Charley Lawrence. "She is beginning to fawn already."

The servant was a good while in making his appearance.

He did so just as Mr. Lawrence's patience was giving out.

That gentleman dispatched him on his errand, with instructions to be a little more expeditious.

"By the way, James," said Mrs. Mourdant, following him to the door, "after you have sent the carriage, stop at——"

Charley heard no more as the door closed behind her.

What she said, in a hurried whisper, was—

"Not a very fast horse, James; and don't be in too great a hurry about sending it round."

* * * * * * *

"Hallo, Charley, give us a lift," cried an acquaintance, who was going two or three miles out of town.

"I wonder what was the matter with Mourdant," he added, when he was seated in the carriage.

"I called to him, but he drove on as if Satan was after him."

"Mourdant! How long since did he pass you?"

"Fifteen minutes ago, driving like fury."

"Sam, get out. I'll explain at another time."

"Eh, old fellow, what's the matter?"

"No questions. Only get out."

Mr. Sam found himself standing in the road, watching Charley Lawrence's carriage whisk out of sight in a cloud of dust.

Charley Lawrence saw it all, and lashed his horse into headlong speed.

Three miles ahead of him Mourdant was going neck or naught.

Up hill, down dale, they went, Mourdant increasing the distance between them, having the better horse.

At two o'clock he nearly wrenched the Rev. Wesley Richardson's bell from its fastenings.

"Where's your master?" he demanded of the frightened servants who answered his peremptory summons.

"Gone to F——, sir. He got a telegram calling him."

"Is there another train to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Perdition. I'll have to drive there. Here if anyone calls for him, tell them he has gone to W——."

Mourdant slipped a sovereign into the man's hand, by way of easing his conscience.

"I—I——" stammered the fellow, receiving the bribe hesitatingly.

"Will you tell them so, or not?"

"I'll tell them so, sir."

"See that you make no mistake. And say that I have gone to W——, after him, if you are asked."

Then he leaped into his carriage, and while Charley Lawrence was entering the place at one end, he was leaving it at the other.

As instructed, the servant directed Charley to W——.

Passing a livery-stable, he procured a fresh horse and dashed away, only to discover that no one had left the train at W——, neither had Mourdant arrived there before him.

Sadly puzzled, and not a little despondent at the prospect of losing a fortune, he turned his horse homeward.

"If Mr. Richardson shouldn't happen to be at home, you would have to get some other minister," said Mrs. Mourdant, purposely, in the rearing of her uncle.

"What's that?" cried the old man, coming out of a half-doze.

"Another minister? Never! No one but Wes shall marry me."

"But, uncle," persisted Mrs. Mourdant, well knowing that the effect of her opposition would be to wed the old man only the more firmly to his resolve.

"I say, nobody else shall marry me!" cried the old man, becoming excited.

"Would you be a murderess? Are you trying to hasten his death?" demanded Kitty, facing Mrs. Mourdant, with flashing eyes.

This was a new phase of her character.

Mrs. Mourdant actually shrank before her indignation.

The charge, too, thrilled her.

It had not been her purpose to hasten the old man's death, only to make him refuse the offices of any other clergyman, and then to keep Mr. Richardson out of the way until it was too late.

She recovered herself, however, and said—

"You shall never marry that old man, trust my word for it."

"We shall see," replied Kitty, with a quiet smile.

That smile nettled her adversary.

"I tell you, you never shall!" she cried, white with rage.

"What will prevent? You?" asked Kitty coolly.

"Yes, I; I have prevented it already."

Anger had got the better of her prudence.

Kitty felt a thrill.

The other spoke so confidently.

She did not lose her presence of mind, however.

"Indeed?" she said, with affected unconcern.

"Yes, 'indeed,'" sneered Mrs. Mourdant. "When your lover gets to R——, he'll find the bird flown.

"Do you realize that the Reverend Wesley Richardson is worth a hundred thousand to you, and just the same amount to me?

"I suppose you think that you are the only one who can scheme when a fortune is at stake."

Mrs. Mourdant was jubilant in her triumph.

As for little Kitty, she did pale slightly; for the whole plot came upon her like a flash.

Nevertheless, she recovered herself, and smiling sweetly and innocently in Mrs. Mourdant's face, said—

"'They laugh best who laught last.' 'Never cry until you are out of the woods.' Do you remember the adages?"

With that, she ran lightly upstairs, leaving Mrs. Mourdant not a little perplexed.

An hour ago Kitty had been willing to relinquish the fortune.

Now she was on her mettle.

The sine qua non was the Reverend Wesley Richardson, and she meant to get him.

The exigency demanded prompt action but she was equal to it.

She glanced at her watch.

In five minutes she was dressed, and had got out of the house without Mrs. Mourdant's knowledge.

The owner of the livery-stable near by was surprised by a lady's applying for his fleetest horse.

A few minutes later the following telegram was flying over the line—

"Take the 12.30 train and meet me at E——, the dying wish of John Treworthy.

"KATE BRUCE."

Three hours later a foam-flecked horse dashed up to the hotel at E——.

A carriage was just leaving the steps.

It was driven by a lady, and at her side sat a gentleman in the garb of a clergyman.

The lady bowed and smiled blandly at the new arrival.

"You here, Mr. Mourdant?"

With a murderous glance of hate he swore under his breath.

Mrs. Mourdant went into hysterics when she saw the defeat of her scheme.

Charley got home just in time for the wedding.

The strangely-assorted pair were pronounced man and wife.

The old man drew his child-bride on his breast, and said—

"My darling, I love you more fondly than most husbands, I think, though in a different way.

"You are provided for, after all, little Rosebud.

"It was the dearest wish of my heart. Good-bye!"

ODD BELIEFS.—The commencement of any business or journey upon Friday is considered extremely hazardous. The skin of a black cat, whose sombre surface was never insulted by any hair of lighter character, is a remedy of sovereign virtue for a sore throat, croup, etc.; while the blood of a black hen whose veritable history would declare her guiltless, from the egg, of any other colored feather, will cure the shingles, rheumatism or anything else.

The howling of a dog before the door or window of a sick person is a sure "forerunner" of dissolution; and a ringing sound in the head is always a "death-bell for somebody." If thirteen persons sit down to dinner one of them will die before the close of the year. Destroying a snake is as lucky to landsmen as the killing of Mother Cary's chickens is unlucky to sailors. A particular joint of a calf is a "lucky-bone," as effectual now to bring money as was a weasel skin purse in days of yore.

Swine and cattle must be slaughtered in the "increase of the moon," or the meat will "shrink in the pot." The seed of potatoes, turnips, onions, etc., must be sown or planted in the "decrease of the moon," or they will "all grow to tops."

Eggs will prove addle unless the head of the setting hen is turned to the east; and butter when melting will turn to oil if it is not "stirred against the sun." See the new moon straight in front of you, or to the right, and it is good luck, but it is quite the opposite if seen thro' a tree, or other obstruction. Money in your pocket at new moon means money all the month.

LITTLE grains of sand scattered along the shores of the mighty ocean or over the pleasant land are not of much importance, but when a couple of quarts of them are collected and placed in an old stocking in the hands of a Chicago sand-bagger, they become one of the most convincing of arguments, and some of Chicago's greatest men have bowed to their ponderous power and force.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE FIRST.—The first railroad built in the United States was built from the granite quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset river for the transportation of stone used in the construction of the Bunker Hill monument at Boston in 1826.

BOUND TO USE IT.—An English M. P. when standing for an Essex constituency, is said to have been interviewed by an undertaker as to his vote. Anxious to secure it, the learned candidate ordered a coffin of him. This was forwarded to London, but, unable to induce his wife to tolerate it in the bridal chamber or his servants to allow it in the neither regions, he had it carted down to Lincoln's Inn, placed on end, fitted with shelves, and used as a bookcase.

IN JAPAN.—A Japanese correspondent of a London paper having assumed that the Mikado was unpopular because he received no cheers while passing through the street in state on his birthday, a Japanese gentleman writes to explain that cheering would be regarded there as disorderly. He further explains that the act of a young lady who wrapped up a piece of cake and put it in her sleeve at the foreign minister's reception is quite "good form," and is accepted as an indication of a high satisfaction which she wishes those at home to share.

XMAS.—The familiar abbreviations of "Xmas" for Christmas, "Xt" for Christ, probably originated in the Greek letter X (chi) which is the initial letter of *Christos*, the Christ, being the equivalent of "Ch" in English and Latin. The transcribers of the four gospels and the rest of the New Testament from the original Greek manuscripts used frequent abbreviations. Sermon writers having constantly to use the words Christ, Christian and Christianity, saved trouble by the abbreviation, and so "Xmas" came to be used for Christmas. The more correct abbreviation would be Xtmas.

BAD WRITING.—A young lady recently addressed a letter to Ruskin, the art critic, on the subject of art training. Desirous of becoming an artist, and wishing good advice she thought she could do no better than apply to so high an authority. The reply was characteristic and rather disappointing. The great critic, without giving her any hint as to the right course to pursue, told her, "It would be better to write less and cultivate a good and beautiful handwriting. No one who writes as you do could make a good artist." It took five people to decipher the hieroglyphics in which Ruskin clothed these few words. The young lady framed this curious production and hung it up in her studio.

BLIND LEADING BLIND.—One of the strangest sights to be witnessed on the streets of Canton, China, is that of the blind leading the blind. It is said that the sightless people are wont to form coalitions for their mutual benefit, and may be seen moving cautiously along in a procession. Each person takes hold of the garment of the person in front of him with the left hand, and with the right keeps a bamboo pole moving about on the ground so as to prevent a misstep, which those in front of him may have avoided simply through good fortune. In this way the pitiable little band picks its way along the crowded streets, turning corners and ascending and descending steps with wonderful ease. The principal responsibility devolves upon the leader, and he seldom has less than a dozen followers.

THE HOTTEST.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped on board. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo-blue. These are so distinctly marked that the common sea-water can be traced with the eye. Often one-half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between those waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact; the fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

THE OLD ORCHARD.

BY OLIVE M. HARRIS.

I.

I know a quaint old orchard,
Where the twisted boughs hang low,
Where all day long the spicy breathe
Of the early apples blow,
And over the low stone wall
The sweet briar roses grow.

II.

I hear a note from the willow
Where the catbird builds his nest;
But I know which song through the drowsy day
The thrush and I love best.
And why the lark wears a coat of brown,
And the robin a scarlet vest.

III.

I know the scent of the clover
And the star-eyed colum-bine,
And where to find in the tall thin grass,
A strawberry's tangled vine:
With berries blushing red in the sun,
And spilling their crimson wine.

IV.

There is never a spot in the whole wide world
That is half so dear to me
As that orchard old with its song of bird and bee
With its sweetbriar roses and tangled vine,
And the nest in the willow tree.

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE dowager Lady Ryvers was in her own boudoir, a room on the lower corridor of the west wing of the house. It war nearly ten o'clock, and a cold November morning.

Her ladyship had ordered her breakfast to be sent to her own room.

The fire burned cheerily in the grate.

Her ladyship, in a warm dressing-gown, with a picturesque little cap of fine point-lace on her head, and holding the morning newspaper in her hands, looked the very picture of comfort.

She wondered just a little why she had had no letters that morning.

She never thought of the new footman, or of the possibility of any mistake.

She had been expecting an important letter from London for some days, but, as yet it had not arrived.

That letter she fervently hoped would put an end to the present unpleasant state of things.

With every day that passed her dislike to her son's wife increased, and she hoped to find that in the eyes of the law she was not really his wife.

Then all would be plain sailing.

She trusted to her own influence over her son.

She wilfully blinded herself to the fact that he worshipped his wife.

She chose rather to believe that, if the law gave him a chance of escape from a tie she hated, he would avail himself of it.

Of course there would be a little scandal and wonder.

That could not be helped.

She comforted herself by thinking that many marriages had been annulled in this fashion—she remembered several.

No one had thought it very strange or wrong.

She knew that all the fashionable mothers would sympathize with her.

She never thought at all of the harm she might do to Violet.

Randolph could go to London in a season or so, and marry whom he would.

She smiled to herself as she finished her chocolate.

It did not occur to her that she had the strong passion and the lifelong love of a man to deal with.

Randolph had always submitted to her sway; why should he not do so now?

Then, and most unexpectedly, came an interruption in the shape of a quick, sharp rap at the door.

"Entrez!" said her ladyship, who considered the French word far more elegant than the English equivalent; and there entered Violet.

She was a new Violet to the dowager—no longer the girl she could insult and humiliate at will, but a stately woman, with head proudly carried and flashing eyes, a woman whose whole figure and bearing spoke of outraged dignity and pride.

There was no hesitation, no faltering; Violet walked straight up to her, holding the open letter in her hand.

"By mistake," she said, "this letter, with another, has been brought to me this morning.

"As they were addressed to Lady Ryvers, not the dowager Lady Ryvers, I have opened and read them, thinking they were my own."

But the voice that spoke was not the voice of Violet.

It was strained and hoarse, full of pain; nor were the lips that uttered the words like hers.

They were white and stiff.

"Will your ladyship," she went on, "read this infamous letter, and tell me if it be some miserable jest, or if it be true?"

For a few minutes the elder woman lost her presence of mind.

She saw in a moment what the letter was and understood, with her quick instinct, all that had happened.

Her face flushed, her proud eyes fell, the jeweled hands trembled.

The girl standing before her with set sorrowful face looked like an injured queen. The dowager felt almost like a criminal.

"Read it, and tell me if it be true," repeated Violet.

And for a few seconds the two women looked at each other in silence that was more terrible than words.

Slowly enough her ladyship took the letter and read it.

Violet stood still and erect before her.

When she had finished, the dowager looked up.

"Well, what do you wish to know?" she asked coolly.

"I wish to know, first of all," said Violet, "if the letter to which that is an answer was written by you?"

"It was," answered the dowager boldly.

"You have been trying to discover whether there was any flaw in my marriage with your son, in order that you might separate us?"

"I have done so," confessed the elder woman.

"You dislike—nay, I may say that you hate me so bitterly you would fain rob me of my fair name and my fair fame?"

"I am so anxious with regard to my son," replied her ladyship insolently, "that I am indifferent to all else."

"You wish, then, that the marriage between myself and your son could be undone?" interrogated Violet.

"I do wish it with all my heart. I would give half I possess if it could be so arranged," said the dowager.

"It is idle to withhold the truth from you. I have done my best; but unfortunately I have failed.

"I wrote to one of the most eminent firms of lawyers in London; as you have seen, they have given an unfavorable opinion."

"You have really been endeavoring to find some reason that would enable you to have my marriage annulled?" pursued Violet steadily.

"You tell me honestly that such is the case?"

"Yes. There is no need for any reticence in the matter.

"I have known three cases myself in which the marriage has been set aside as null and void because the supposed husband was not of age.

"It seems that in my son's case there is no such loophole for escape."

With the same white set face Violet drew nearer to her.

"Tell me one thing more," she said, in a voice that the dowager never forget until her dying day.

"Does my husband know that you have done this?"

"I told him I should do it," replied her ladyship.

"And he has made no effort to stop you? He has allowed you to crown all your other insults with this?"

"He did not say one word to prevent it," she answered.

"Great Heaven—and they call this 'nobility'!" cried Violet. She went on, trying to speak calmly.

"If the answer to your most wicked and unwomanly letter had been 'Yes,' that in the marriage your son and myself thought perfectly legal there was a flaw, what should you have done?"

"I should have insisted on my son's taking advantage of it, and at any price have compelled him to have the marriage annulled," was the dowager's answer.

The two women stood for a few minutes looking fixedly at each other.

Violet, with a shudder, spoke as one just waking from a hideous dream.

"I will annul the marriage myself," she said slowly and solemnly. "Your son deceived me.

"Had I known that he belonged to a class that, had I known that he would bring me to this place with surroundings that are utterly abhorrent to me, I would not have married him.

"I have thought lately more than once that perhaps I mistook the glamor of a girl's fancy for love.

"I will trouble neither you nor him again.

"A marriage founded on deceit is no marriage.

"I married the handsome simple young artist, one of my own class; I did not marry Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell. You need not employ lawyers on my account. I will annul a marriage that is hateful to myself."

"That is nonsense," rejoined the dowager. "You cannot do anything of the kind; you have not the power."

"I will find the power, the way, and the means," said Violet calmly.

The dowager began to feel just a little bit nervous.

It was possible that she was going too far, that her son would be terribly angry.

There was no telling what a creature like this, without any of the restraints of class, might do.

"Lady Ryvers," Violet went on, "you have hated me from the moment I entered your home; you have heaped ridicule and insult on me.

"You have crowned all by seeking to rob me of that which is as dear to the poorest peasant as to the highest in the land—my good name.

"Let me assure you of one thing—you are looking at my face for the last time on earth."

She seemed to hold the elder woman's eyes by the force of her own for some minutes.

Then slowly, with a gesture of grace, dignity, and sorrow, she left the room.

The dowager tried to laugh.

"Quite a tragedy-queen!" she said. "What heroics!

"One would think that she had been on the boards.

"She seemed to consider that I had committed a crime in trying to rescue my son from a thraldom that will ruin him."

In her heart she knew that it was a crime for her son was married to this girl in the sight of Heaven, even though some legal quibble might part them according to the laws of men.

It was a crime, and a horrible one.

In the depths of her hearts she knew that.

She felt a little anxious.

Not that she feared anything Violet might do or say.

It was her son she feared.

Had she said too much, gone too far?

What did the girl mean by saying that she should never see her face again?

She knew that she had given Violet a false impression when she said that her husband knew of the letter.

In their angry conversation with regard to the marriage, she had told him that she should write and make inquiries as to whether his marriage was perfectly valid or not.

He had answered that she could do so, if she liked, knowing that any inquiries made must be answered favorably and must amply satisfy the inquirer.

They had not mentioned the subject since.

But the dowager had spoken as if her son had approved of her writing to make these inquiries, and her conscience reproached her for it.

She rang the bell, and asked for Lord Ryvers.

He had gone out with the Earl of Lester, and they were not expected back until the evening.

Randolph had left a message for his mother with Lady Lester.

The dowager shrugged her shoulders, and took up her newspaper again.

After all, if the girl chose to take what she said in that melodramatic fashion, it was no fault of hers.

If the worst happened—if she chose to go and drown herself in the river, or in the mere where the great water-lilies grew—so much the better.

They could hush the matter up, and her son would be free.

Two hours afterwards, when Monica came to the boudoir to ask if Violet were there, her ladyship answered in the most unconcerned fashion.

She had been there some time before, but the dowager knew nothing of her movements since.

"She must have gone out, said Monica; "I cannot find her in the house. Yet she generally tells me when she goes."

But the dowager made no reply.

If her cruel words had driven the girl to madness or death, she gave no sign.

"My dear Monica," she said languidly, "when you see that I am reading, I think it very bad taste of you to interrupt me. I know nothing of Violet, and I decline to be tormented about her."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LORD RYVERS returned home that evening light of heart, for he had found, as he thought, a solution of his difficulties.

His wife must be his first consideration, her happiness his first care.

If his mother could not like her, they must dwell apart.

He would not have her vexed and annoyed.

There was no fear but that Violet was equal to any position in the world.

He did not see that association with his mother and sisters was at all needful.

To his thinking, Violet was more graceful than they were, and quite as elegant, as refined and well-bred.

Lord Lester had given him a most cordial invitation to Draynham, and Lord Ryvers had accepted it.

He was to take his wife and spend some weeks there.

By that time the dowager Lady Ryvers would have left Ryverswell, and all would be well.

"Marguerite will like the idea, I hope," said Lord Ryvers.

"If she does not, she will not say so," laughed Lord Lester.

"Even in that case she will acquiesce with a graceful, gentle smile; but I am sure she will like it.

"We will have a nice circle of visitors, and your beautiful young wife will take her place at once.

"You will find in a very short time that she has the world at her feet."

Lord Ryvers was delighted.

As his mother was determined not to take Violet by the hand, or to help her in any way, the next best thing was for the Countess of Lester to do so.

He had not thought of that; but now he saw it was the best thing to be done.

There would be no complications, no unpleasantness with his mother.

He saw smooth seas and bright skies before him; the clouds had all disappeared. He was lighter of heart than he had been for some time.

He sprang up the steps of the great staircase three at a time, so impatient was he to see Violet, and to tell her that the clouds had broken, and that the brightest of futures lay before them.

But the answer came to his impatient summons.

When he stood outside her dressing-room door and called "Violet!" there was no response.

When he opened the door and went in, there was no one to be seen.

His heart warmed within him as he saw the traces of her graceful presence, the flowers and gloves she had worn, the fan she had used, the book she had been reading.

A torn envelope lay upon the floor.

There was no Violet.

He rang the bell.

Her maid answered it.

He asked where her mistress was, and she replied that her ladyship had gone out at noon and had not returned.

At first he felt no fear, not knowing what had passed during his absence.

Still it was strange that she should go out for so long; but then Violet liked walking.

He went to his dressing-room.

His perplexities were soon ended.

On his toilet-table, so placed that it must at once catch his eyes, was a letter directed to himself in his wife's handwriting.

"Why did she write to me?" he thought. "How strange, when I shall see her at dinner! Perhaps her note is to tell me where she has gone."

He felt no uneasiness as he opened it; but it was evidently no note, but a closely-written letter.

What could that mean?

Then there came to him the conviction that there was some terrible sorrow in store for him.

He read eagerly, despairingly.

Great drops of moisture gathered on his forehead.

As he read, a terrible pallor came into his face, a terrible shadow deepened in his eyes.

The letter seemed to be half hidden beneath a blood-red mist, and the words at first told no plain story to him.

Then he began to realize what it was.

Violet had gone, and gone forever!

She had bidden him her last farewell; she would never see him again.

"You told me," she wrote, "that I was to try the new life, and, if I did not like it, you would see what was to be done.

"Always remember, if you had told me what life I had to share with you, I should have declined it.

"I not only dislike, but I loathe and detest it. I find it perfectly unbearable, and I have renounced it.

"Neither my education, my training, my character, nor temperament fit me for it. I am not at home in the midst of the splendor and luxury of Ryverswell, less at home than a wild forest-bird would be in a gilded cage.

"My dislike to the life, the scorn and insults of those near to you, the unkindness with which I have been treated, the perfect unhappiness of my life, the sense that I have of having been deceived—I would have borne all for your sake; but that has happened which I cannot and will not bear.

"Your mother has written to an eminent firm of lawyers in London, instructing them to find out whether there is any flaw or informality in our marriage.

"So great is her desire to part us that she has taken counsel's opinion as to whether the fact of your being married under age is not sufficient to annul our marriage.

"By mistake the letter written by the firm in reply to hers fell into my hands. I took it to her.

"She told me that she would give half her fortune to see the married annulled. They were hard and pitiless words to hear; but I felt they were true; my place is not here.

"That was the crowning insult which I cannot bear; and the crowning sorrow is this—that you knew your mother intended writing and acquiesced in it.

"That fact parts us. Never willingly will I look upon your face again, never will I hear your name, never will I live under your roof.

"I will never see your mother, never speak to her, never live in the same house with her.

"She is dead to me in this life, as I am dead to her. She has sought to annul our marriage; I annul it myself. I leave you forever.

"If, when I am gone, you find the law can help you legally to free yourself and legally to marry another, my prayer is that you may speedily do it.

"Do not make any attempt at searching for me; I shall never return. If there were any power to compel me, I would rather die than yield to that power. Remember that death in any shape would be preferable to returning.

"Your love, your kindness to me, I shall remember; but the whole proceeding from beginning to end has been a most fatal mistake.

"You deceived me, you took me into a life for which I am unfit, and the end has come as the end comes inevitably to everything not founded in truth and honor. I bid you an everlasting farewell, Randolph, and I hope that you will be so far able to rectify your mistake as to prevent your life from being spoiled. I sign myself your lost "VIOLET."

That was all.

There was no loving word to soften the blow, no regret, no sorrow at leaving him, no word of love that had once been between them—nothing but offended pride, wounded dignity, outraged prejudice—no love.

For a few minutes he was haunted by the vision of Violet as he had first seen her on the morning when "June's palace was paved with gold."

Then by one of Violet as she had stood with the love-light on her face and the scarlet flowers on her breast.

The terrible present died for a time; it seemed to elude him.

He could neither grasp nor realize it.

He was in St. Byno's woods, with the girl he worshipped by his side, and they were talking of love that would never die.

He was in the old church at St. Byno's, and Violet, with a small soft hand in his, was saying, "Till death us do part;" he was with her on the Rhine, where she was giving him pretty wise lectures about not spending so much money; he was with her again when she had upbraided and denounced him, then kissed him with tears, and promised to try to live the life that pleased him.

And now it was all ended.

She was gone, and, according to her own words, she had bidden him an eternal farewell.

Her beautiful face was before him—the violet eyes, the golden hair, the delicate brows, so clearly marked, the lovely lines and gracious curves of the sweetest mouth that woman ever had.

Every charm that she possessed rose before him—the graceful carriage of the proud head, the graceful gestures and movements the gentle touch of the white hand.

Gone! What nonsense!

It was an evil dream that he must shake off.

Here was the waning yellow light of a November evening—just the time for a terrible dream, for horrible fancies; he must shake them off.

Surely in the distance he could hear his darling's voice?

"An eternal farewell!"

Good Heaven, what horrible words!

They seemed to come to him from the depths of some dark abyss.

She was his on earth, and she should be his in heaven.

Love—above all, love sanctified by marriage—could never die.

"She annulled the marriage herself, poor child!" he murmured. Yet had he not heard her repeatedly denounce the present law of divorce?

"And she thinks that by this one act of hers she can free herself from me. She is mine through all time and eternity, in virtue of the vows that made her so. She is mine in this world and in the next."

But where was she?

No beautiful face shone in the empty rooms; no sweet and gracious presence brought happiness to him.

Where was she?

And, when he asked himself the question, a horrible sense of desolation came over him.

These dreadful words could not be true. If they were, he must have been mistaken; she could not have loved him as he loved her.

He remembered that he had a forboding of this many times.

Love bears with anything, love never complains.

If she had loved him with all her heart, she would have borne with his mother's pride and temper; but she did not, she could not, and the November shadows fell around him, leaving him despairing and heartbroken.

At first it seemed to him that he should never move from the chair on which he was seated, that he should never quit his room, that life was all ended, that the darkness and coldness of death were gathering round him.

Strong men do not often weep. A sweet singer says—

"Talk not of wars till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men."

Any one seeing the young lord's head bent low and the tears that rained down his handsome face would have had some idea of what he suffered, would have had some idea of how he loved his wife.

CHAPTER XXX.

HE must face it—this horrible trouble of his!

As for going in search of her, of course he should do it; but it would be quite useless.

It was useless to stay there in his room; he must go out and face his trouble; but for the dreaming, poetical, artist soul the brightness of life was ended.

How cruel his mother had been to his beautiful young wife!

Instead of making her welcome, adopting her as her daughter, cherishing and caring for her, she had insulted her so greatly that the girl preferred death to remaining with her.

Hot anger and indignation filled his heart. He went at once in search of his mother; he must learn what she had done, how she had driven his young wife away and destroyed his happiness.

He found the dowager alone in the drawing-room.

Lord Ryvers walked up to her and laid the letter before her. She had seen nothing like his white set face and his flashing eyes before.

"Will you read that and tell me if it be true?" he said.

She took it from him without a word, and she read it steadily from beginning to end. If her nerves were giving way, he should not know it.

He had expected to see fear, regret, remorse in her face; but she merely smiled, and his anger grew to white heat when he saw the smile.

"She annul the marriage! I wish to Heaven she could!" was her comment. "Randolph, I cannot imagine why you married that girl; I am sure she never loved you."

"I loved her enough to make up for any deficiencies on her part," he replied. "Is that letter true?"

"It is true, inasmuch as I wrote to the lawyers and by some absurd mistake the answer was carried to her. You knew that I should write; I told you so."

"Yes, but not in that fashion. I thought you intended to make certain that my marriage was without a flaw. Do you believe that I am as little worth the name of man as to think lightly of a woman's honor? My wife is all the world to me; my love, my care, my interests begin and end with her. You have made the most fatal mistake of your life, mother. If you had welcomed her here, if you had been kind, gentle, and affectionate, you would have won my eternal gratitude; as it is, you have my eternal reproach. You might have helped me to be the happiest man in the world, and you have gone out of your way to make me the most miserable. Do you think anything on earth could make me love Violet less—could separate me from her?"

"She has not shown much desire to remain with you, she has been quick enough to avail herself of an excuse to leave you."

"That is your fault," he replied. "Reproaches are all in vain, but some are due to you.

"I do not wish to remind you that perhaps no mother has had her own way more entirely than you have.

"I have been a good son to you; I have complied with every wish of yours. My lands and revenues have been yours; you have done as you would.

"My house has been yours, and your presence was always most welcome; whenever you have expressed a wish to me, I have hastened to carry it out. And this is my reward—you have driven my wife from me."

"I repeat that she seemed very willing to go," said her ladyship. "She has taken the first pretext offered her.

"No man ought to marry out of his own sphere; it is a mistake that must be rectified sooner or later. I deeply grieve that your life is laid waste by that proud, wilful, plebeian girl."

He looked at her steadily.

"You have said your say, mother; now hear mine. You have driven my wife from me. I will go likewise, and I will not look upon your face again until I have found her."

The proud face paled a little, and an odd look came into the wistful eyes.

"I will not believe," said her ladyship, haughtily, "that the love of any woman can part my son from me."

"You have made me desperate; you have driven me mad. You have robbed my life of all that was best and brightest in it; you have taken from me my chief treasure, you can do what you will with the rest.

"I will never return to Ryverswell, I will never look upon your face again, until I have found my wife; and, if I never find her, this is our eternal farewell."

She rose, with a troubled face.

She could not part so with the son that she loved better than her life.

"Randolph," she said, hurriedly, "you must think better of this; you must not go from me."

"I could not stay; I could never look upon you again, mother, knowing what you have done to my wife.

"I shall leave now, at once, and you may do as you will with Ryverswell. I could not stay where I have been accustomed to see her; it would kill me.

"Make what excuse you will, say what you will, the whole truth, if you like—it will be best—for the best—neither home, sisters nor mother will I see again until I have found my wife. Tell them so for me."

The proud figure trembled, the proud face quivered.

"Randolph," she cried, imperiously, "I forbid you to go! You owe me the respect and obedience due from a son to his mother, and by it I command you to stay here."

"You have failed in your duties, mother; you must forgive me if, in my turn, I fail in mine."

She drew near him.

"Randolph," she said, almost imploringly—"if you are leaving me, kiss me before you go."

He looked at the proud face softening for him.

"I cannot," he replied, abruptly. "I cannot. I feel as though you had murdered my wife."

And after that she said no more.

He then left the room, and it seemed to her that the best part of her life went with him.

Not that she hated Violet less, but that she loved her son more.

They had been so loving, so devoted to each other.

She had always thought there was no such son, he that there was no such mother.

And now this girl with the beautiful face and proud, wilful eyes had come between them.

"He will not go," she said to herself; "he, who has never been cool to me in his life, will not leave me so."

She sat still for many hours.

Her pride was too great to allow her to go in search of him, to plead or remonstrate with him—beside which, she had an idea it would be useless.

She sat still, her heart, proud as she was, torn with different passions—love for her son, regret at losing him, and hatred against the girl who had come between them.

Once she thought she heard his footsteps in the corridor that led to her room. Her heart beat fast.

He was coming back to her—this idol of her heart—coming back to say that he could not leave her, that the new love might go, but the old must remain.

But the footsteps passed on, and the dream vanished.

Some hours afterwards she heard the sound of a carriage driven rapidly from the house.

Then she knew that her son was gone, and she wondered vaguely when she should see his face again.

"My children have not proved an unmixed blessing," she said to herself. "Marguerite has done the best, and, naturally, she is the happiest.

"Monica would drive any mother to despair; but I shall bend her will to mine yet. My son, the love of my heart, the pride of my life, he has made the greatest mistake of all."

She did not like her task of telling the others what had happened.

Lord Lester, she knew, would be vexed, for he had always seemed greatly interested in Violet, and very much attached to her.

Marguerite would smile serenely, and no one would know whether she felt glad or sorry.

While Monica, who dearly loved her brother's wife, would give way to a storm of tears.

She did not like the task; still there was no alternative.

So when the twilight fell, she called the three to her room.

Monica came first, all wonder; the fair and gracious Countess of Lester next, without any wonder at all; and Lord Lester, feeling somewhat impatient lest dinner should be delayed, entered last.

"Your mother is rather too much of a Semiramis, my dear," he said to his wife, as they obeyed the somewhat imperious summons. "She seems to think the world has been made for her."

"It might have been made for a worse person," said the Countess, serenely; "some women are queer by nature, and some by right divine. Mamma is a queen by nature."

"She is an autocrat," returned Lord Lester; "and why we are sent for like three children, I cannot imagine."

"It seems to me—and I am sure I am right—that there is something wrong with regard to Randolph and Violet. If it be so, I shall take Violet's side, and no other."

When Lord Lester saw the dowager, he knew that they had not been sent for from any caprice or whim.

There was an expression on her ladyship's proud face which he had never seen there before.

"Will you close the door?" said the dowager. "I wish to speak to you all before we meet at dinner.

"You know how much I dislike any scene before the servants. I have to tell you that the girl with whom my son is so unfortunately infatuated left Ryverswell this morning, avowing her intention of never returning.

"A letter intended for me was, by the stupidity of a servant, given to her. She read it, and taking umbrage at it, she left the house.

"I may as well tell you frankly that I had written to ask if it were possible to find any flaw in Randolph's marriage, as the one great desire of my heart is to have it annulled."

There was a muttered something from Lord Lester, and a passionate burst of tears from Monica.

From the expression on Lady Lester's face, it was impossible to tell whether she was pleased or not.

"I take upon myself the whole responsibility of having written that letter," said Lady Ryvers.

"She went away, leaving a letter for Randolph, telling him that she had annulled the marriage herself, and he should never see her again.

"He, in his turn, came to upbraid me, to tell me that he should leave Ryverswell, that I could do with it what I would, and that, until he had found his wife, he would never look upon the face of mother or sisters again.

"And, as I do not wish this scandal to reach the servants, you will please speak of their departure as of an event for which we were all prepared."

And, without another word—without giving any one time to form a reply, the dowager, holding her head very erect, left the room, leaving them to digest the news as best they could.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD RYVERS did not long continue his search for his wife; he knew it was useless.

If Violet had left him of her own free will, and while laboring under a great mistake, he could not force her back.

He was bitterly pained, sorely hurt, sorely wounded.

He had loved her so well; he had dowered her so royally with all that belonged to him; and now she valued it all so little that she had left him for ever.

There were times when he thought that, even should she return and ask his pardon, he would not forgive her for having deserted him.

She could never have really loved him, or her love had died when she learned that he was not an artist, but a lord.

It seemed to him absurdly foolish, all such class hatred.

Why should Violet dislike him when she found he was rich and powerful? He had not disliked her for being poor and unknown.

"Love levels everything," he said to himself, "and she can never have loved me."

He was wretched beyonds words; his art no longer interested him.

"The Queen of the Rhine," the picture which he had painted with such love and such skill, hung in the great empty house in London: and when he looked at it his very heart seemed torn with pain.

He had decided to remain for some time at least in London.

He would try to interest himself in his art; he would seek the society of artists, good warm-hearted fellows who would never ask if he were married or single, and, if they thought he had a trouble, would carefully abstain from alluding to it.

In London it was possible he might hear of Violet—far more possible even than if he went abroad or lived in the country.

Before settling down in the great city Lord Ryvers went to see Miss Atherton at St. Byno's and learn if any trace of his wife could be discovered there.

The anger, the indignation, the bitter reproaches of that irate lady almost overwhelmed him.

At first she was speechless with fury; then she broke out into a perfect tempest of rage.

"I never trusted you," she said. "I felt sure that you were playing us false in some way or other; but I never dreamed it was as bad as this. If I had known the truth, you should never have married Violet. I would rather have laid her in her grave than have given her to you."

"I have made her a good husband," returned Lord Ryvers calmly.

"You have taken a dove to a hawk's nest, and she has flown from it to escape rending!" cried Miss Atherton. "An aristocrat means a wolf in sheep's clothing. Were there not girls and women enough in your own sphere that you must come prowling about here, deceiving those who never wronged you? No; Violet has not returned to me. And, if she does, I will keep her; you shall never see her again. I warned her. I could be sorry for her but that my anger against her is so great. If you had been my lover, I should have found out what you were; you would not have hoodwinked me. I knew she would find thorns in her orange-blossoms, poor foolish child!"

The young lord had not much comfort or consolation in his marriage, the marriage which he had made all for love.

He tried to induce Miss Atherton to promise that, if Violet went there, she would write to him; but she sternly refused to do anything of the kind.

"I shall do all I can," she cried, "to keep her from you? The wisest thing she has done since she knew you has been to leave you. Those who trust to a man trust to a broken reed. I learned on such a reed for many years; it broke as I leaned, and pierced my heart."

That was the first reference Miss Atherton had ever made to her trouble in his presence, and it touched him greatly.

She was hard and cold as marble.

He could not soften her; she was implacable.

"If you had been a forger or a thief," she declared, "I should have liked you better than I do. An aristocrat injured me, blighted my life, broke my heart and I have sworn undying hatred to the race. I shall be best pleased when you are gone."

He looked at her with a sad smile on his handsome face.

"You disliked me altogether at first," he said. "However, you forgave me for being an artist. Will you never forgive me for being an aristocrat?"

"No, never," she replied firmly.

And he knew that she meant her words.

Miss Atherton was true to her principles.

Had he come back to her in poverty, a struggling artist, she would have shared her best with him; to an aristocrat she would extend no hospitality.

She did not ask him to take either a cup of milk or a glass of water.

She showed such bitter, inveterate hatred of his class, such dislike for himself, that it was a relief to get away from the cottage.

His heart ached as his eyes fell on the well-remembered scenes, on the grand old woods of St. Byno's, on the garden where Violet had stood before him in the moonlight.

Where was she who had beautified and gladdened it, who had been as the bright sunlight to this fair landscape, and without whom it was dark as night?

What a miserable end it was to his love and his marriage, he who had thought to secure greater happiness than had ever been granted to man before!

He went back to London with Miss Atherton's violent denunciations lingering in his ears.

He felt altogether humbled; yet, in spite of his bitter sorrow, he did smile once when he thought of what would happen if his mother and Miss Atherton were to meet.

He tried to engross himself in his work.

Once or twice he thought of employing a private detective to trace Violet; but then he replied to his own thoughts, in despair, "If she were found, what would it matter?"

Nothing mattered but that she should come to him of her own accord.

And for that the young lord, to whom had been given the artist's genius and the poet's soul, waited day after day with patience, never ashamed to pray that the same Heaven which had once given him his wife would restore her now that she was lost.

* * * * * *

Upon what varied scenes did the sun now shine! At Ryverswell on a proud haughty woman, whose pride grew deeper and whose heart grew colder every day; on a bright loving girl who was losing health, strength, and youth, pining for her lover; at Dranham, where the Earl of Lester raged against his mother-in-law as the most proud and

cruel of women, and where the beautiful Countess listened with a calm smile to all the fulminations of her lord; over the great house in London, where the young husband spent his solitary days.

A strange event had happened.

Violet had left Ryversweil, her heart on fire with indignation, full of anger against her husband.

She was not just to him.

All that had happened to be his fault—seemed to have sprung from the one source, his deception.

The shame seemed to her greater than she could bear, that anyone should dare to call the validity of her marriage into question.

"If I had been an earl's daughter or a great heiress, Lady Ryvers would have been anxious to make my marriage secure."

What angry scorn, what bitter contempt filled her heart!

Ah, well might the masses hate the aristocrats! Well might they rise in the olden days and slay them!

What right had they to assume such superiority?

In what had these two women—the Countess of Lester and Lady Ryvers—a superiority over her?

It was the first time she had been brought into contact with those whom she was trained to hate, and she did full justice to her training.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love And Roses.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

I WAS already wrathy enough with him, and this last was said with such a hypocritical regard for my pardonable natural weakness, that I felt the hot blood rush to my face.

I made a disgusted gesture of denial, while I pointed to the dirt clinging to the wagon wheels.

"He says, Fraulein Schneider, that he has never read them, and that he considers them beneath his notice."

"Oh, how shockingly rude! How good natured you must be to allow him to stay with you!"

"He also feels the truth of that, do you not, uncle?"

Most happily the Fraulein soon turned the conversation into another channel.

"Do you know, Herr Heilborn," said the young maiden to my nephew, "that in a certain way you are—I scarcely know how to express it—well, something of a surprise to me?"

"Yet not a disagreeable one?"

"No! oh, no, indeed! But when I sat in the steam cars to-day, I became uncomfortably conscious that I had taken a most extraordinary step.

"You must not mention it to any one, but my guardian is in blissful ignorance of my trip to you.

"I do not stand on the best terms with him—but a girl has sometimes need of such a stern man, when she has no near relative to guide her.

"I also thought of what the people would say, if they knew I was running away.

"And then I said to myself, perhaps this poet Heilborn is, after all, quite like an ordinary mortal; he may be just like that fat man in the corner, with the horrid red nose!

"Perhaps he has a very dragon of a wife, who will not treat me decently, and heaven only knows what may happen to me, because I have had the audacity to come to see how a poet looks, without being invited!

"Perhaps he will receive me with frosty coolness, and his wife may not even invite me to be seated!

"I had not the shadow of a thought of such direful consequences, when I made my escape, and when all these 'perhapses' stared me in the face, you can easily imagine the state of ferment I was in!

"I almost resolved not to ask where you lived, and to wait at the station for the next train home.

"And now I feel perfectly placid, and delighted to find that you are not at all what I feared you might be, but just as I hoped you would be—except——"

"Except what, Fraulein?"

With a face flushed as red as the heart of the ruddiest rose, the maiden timidly replied—

"Except that you are much younger, and much better looking than your portrait,—which does not resemble you, in the least!"

This was very flattering to the listening deaf and dumb man on the back seat!

At that moment my true wife gave me a look that revealed the height of her indignation; and I could see it was almost beyond her power to maintain the imposed silence.

The portrait in question had been taken about twenty years before, soon after my marriage.

It was a perfect counterpart of myself, at the time when my dear wife surrendered her flag to my charms.

It was painted by a celebrated artist of the Academy of Munchen, who felt proud of his work.

I had sacrificed six fresh, full-blown roses, that ornamented my button-hole, at each sitting.

Each lock of hair had been carefully and artistically curled, and persuaded to stay in place by genuine bear's oil pomade; while the attitude I assumed was strikingly picturesque, and in keeping with my curls.

And now, it must be sounded in my ears that a spruce young man, with his hair smoothly plastered on his temples, and dandified side-whiskers was much younger and handsomer than I!

Oh, times! Oh, customs!

One can readily believe that my wife and I were not in the best of humor when our carriage rolled up to the door of my residence.

Much to the astonishment of my poetically inclined admirer—or more correctly speaking, my nephew's admirer—she did not find the country solitude a veritable elysian wilderness, but simply a small estate, like many another, with gravelled walks, rose-bushes, flower-beds, and a pretty ornamental arbor.

Fraulein Schneider was conducted to a chamber, which presented quite a neat and civilized appearance; and while she was refreshing herself, and arranging her toilet, Frau Amalie and I, in a distant part of the house, availed ourselves of the opportunity of expressing our opinion,—in a manner far removed from a deaf and dumb style,—of the behavior of Heilborn, Jr., whom we favored with some very plain words.

But Heilborn, Jr., defended himself with spirit.

"Keep to your comfortable role, but a short time longer," urged he.

"I am the only one to lose by it, for I shall thus be deprived of hearing the kind, gentle voice of my amiable aunt, and the animated and exhilarating thoughts which my uncle always so ably expresses.

"And beside, by so acting, I do assure you that the young lady who now bears the name of Fraulein Viola Schneider will in a short time become Frau Heilborn, Jr.

"Now, you can be present at all the piquant scenes of our courtship; and you, my lyrical, uncle will have the pleasure of noting the gradual development of a small drama, having this joke for its foundation; so that all you need do, will be to arrange it into verse in order to throw into the shade, all your former fame!

"Think of it now! And what a splendid title could be found for it: A sweet deception, a dithyramb by a mute; or: The false poet, and his marriage with a muse-crazed maiden——"

"You are a born tenser!" I interrupted.

"You could put it in any form that pleased your fancy," he continued, without allowing himself to be disturbed, "in a poetical narrative of ten cantos, or a la the tender sentiment of Amaranth, or——"

"Wife!" exclaimed I, "the young rascal is letting his impudent tongue run high,—but, on the whole, he is right.

"I should enjoy the fun, and I think we had better submit——"

"It is all very well for you to talk," interjected my still unreconciled wife.

"You know you will be compensated if you keep quiet now, by hailing the whole world, later, with your poetic tongue! But I am, after all, only a woman, and no poet!

"My tongue must be in motion; and beside, I have never practiced playing the dummy!"

But in spite of this protest, in the end, my wife was forced to yield to the entreaties of the beloved nephew, who had taken it into his head that his whole life's happiness depended upon the affair running in the groove he had made!

CHAPTER IV.

THINGS took the pleasantest course.

My good wife and I, who had settled down to that cool, temperate state of feeling which well becomes a married couple of twenty years standing, now felt the excitable blood of youth once more throbbing in our veins, by the continual watching of this love affair, as it hourly unfolded, like a flower in the spring time, under the sweet influences of sunlight and moonlight.

Viola was really an indescribably charming girl.

There was nothing superficial, affected, or eccentric, in her nature as set forth in the letter; or if the enthusiasm to which she had therein given utterance originated with herself it no longer seemed to us superficial, now that we had studied her well.

Yet it was unaccountable, how seldom she referred to my poems, or read them either!

If she knew them by heart, she never quoted from them.

The careless way in which she once in a while fingered the pages of my precious volume, was foreign in tears, sighs, or the least agitation of spirit.

There was nothing of a blue stocking about the child; indeed, she was quite the reverse; she possessed all the charm of perfect unconsciousness, and gave herself up to impulse, but she never suffered the embarrassments that are endured fifty times a day, by most characters of this type, for she let inclination have such headway that the blushes and confusion it frequently called forth, came and went without troubling her at all.

Yet I thank heaven for having tossed her upon our poetical coast, like a new-born goddess of the waves.

There are certainly few places in the world where she could have been so well understood as here.

Elsewhere she might be called shocking! by straight-laced individuals whose very breathing was an act of ceremony, or she might be treated to a shrug of the shoulders,—or scandalized heads might nod while attempting to exercise forbearance!

But we who hold her sunny nature in a more appreciative light, felt that it was our own dull, prosy selves who needed such forbearance!

In the afternoon of a lovely, misty, dream-like day, the two young people sat together on the lawn, upon the massive roots of my favorite elm, chattering, teasing, and joking each other, forgetful, as usual, of the world around them, while my wife and I were seated near by on one of our rustic benches, making a pretense of being absorbed in knitting and reading. After a while I heard Viola say:

"You must do me a favor, Herr Heilborn! You must give me an extempore verse!"

At these words my nephew and I exchanged glances, and his was so expressive of comical dismay, that I let a malicious gurgle escape me, and then made haste to appear as if it were only a sign of ecstasy forced from the dumb man by a passage in "Schleirmacher's Sermons," which I fortunately held in my hand.

Arthur threw me an imploring glance and then with a cheerfulness, born of despair, he answered:

"Do you like extempore poetry? I think they are generally, the flattest most insipid stuff that can be imagined.

"I do not recollect the time when I was ever guilty of producing one!"

"But try now, just this once!" coaxed Viola.

"I read a notice, not long ago, in some journal that proclaimed you to be such a wonderful extemporizer that you were only excelled by the Italians in improvising! Come, do please begin!

"I will write it down so that I can always remember you by it!"

Then the determined maiden took out a note-book, about as large as a visiting card case, and a pencil the size of a needle.

Arthur drew a deep breath, and then with sudden resolution,—on account of the danger that assailed his laurels, or more likely for what might be won thereby—he unwaveringly said:

"Very well: I will gratify you on one condition; you must grant me a favor, and before I do it too!

"Sooner or later, I *must* have helped myself to it without permission, for every minute it is more and more indispensable to me.

"You must give me—one of your sweetest kisses."

A red, glowing flame swept over the girl's face, and crept under the protecting veil of her pretty hair.

She cast a quick glance at me and my wife, and seeing that we were evidently engrossingly busy, and remembering to her satisfaction and comfort, that we were both deaf and dumb, she then made up the most bewitching little mouth imaginable, and looking Arthur straight in the eye, said with cool clearness:

"Well, then!—but I positively limit you to one!"

The young man had evidently not expected this ready compliance.

Indeed, he had never before demanded a kiss in such a direct and dauntless fashion, and it had never before been yielded up to him with such unconcerned frankness.

But he found this phase of character much to his taste.

And as his lips touched those of Viola, like a bee sipping sweets from the cup of a wild flower,—there I was, peering over the rim of my spectacles, curious to know if he were still thinking of his improvisation.

He assured me later, that he was utterly unconscious of everything but the bliss of the moment.

If that was the case, and if he did not profit by the delay by a slight preparation for the ordeal before him, then I am convinced that the little god Cupid must have inspired him in an extraordinary degree; for prior to this, I had never held him capable of jingling together even such simple couplets as sun and moon, love and dove.

"And now,—my verse!" urged Viola. "But it must be something very fine indeed, for, impolite poet, you have completely crushed my roses!"

With an enthusiasm which increased in force toward the end of his declamation, until it showed signs of genuine inspiration, Arthur began:—

These flowers my heart has pressed and crushed
Can ne'er their sweets conceal;
So let them speak for me the love
My lips dare not reveal.

Viola clapped her hands.

"Is that the way one improvises?" asked she.

"It is perfect nonsense, to be sure, but it sounds pretty! Is it your best?"

"Better than anything I ever composed before! Better than any of the published poems!"

Arthur shot me a triumphant look that effectually killed my sarcasm; but no guttural notes escaped me this time, although my wife showed her satisfaction in a marked way, after the fashion of women, when affairs of this kind meet with their approbation.

Viola wrote down the verse, and Arthur also.

Since then he has contributed poems to different journals,—a remarkable instance of the sudden awakening of slumbering genius by the magic power of a pretty, much-loved maiden.

The next day we indulged in an excursion to one of my country properties, a few miles away, situated in a pleasant mountain valley.

We drove to the station, and from there took the cars to the next stopping place.

When we were returning from our trip, and had left the train, we stood a while watching the passengers streaming out—a pastime which is hugely enjoyed by we country folk.

Among those who had left the cars, I noticed a long, lank youth with a bundle of hand-bills under the arm, and a paste-pot and brush in the hand.

Viola and Arthur had become separated from my wife and myself by the crowd, and did not see him.

We watched him as he pasted one of his sheets on the corner of the depot.

"Perhaps it is the notice of a circus," remarked my wife.

"The children will be home from the Institute next week, and would be delighted to see the monkeys;—we must drive them over."

But it had no reference to a circus, or to monkeys;—with faces expressive of consternation we looked at each other, upon discovering that it was something entirely different!

I left my wife standing near the placard, and rushed off in search of my nephew.

After a few grimaces, which I endeavored to make Viola interpret as an apology for interrupting them, I took Arthur aside, and whispered to him to go instantly to his aunt, and that during his absence I would take the young lady under my protection; so he hurriedly obeyed.

When he approached his aunt, she pointed to the placard, and he read—with what sensations the reader can easily imagine—the following notice:—

ONE HUNDRED THALERS REWARD.

The above sum will be given as a reward to any person, who can furnish positive information concerning a young lady bearing the name of Viola Schneider, who left the home of her guardian in R, on Monday the 17th. inst. since which time nothing has been heard of her.

Then there followed a minute personal description, including the clothes she wore.

After which the public were informed that at the time of her disappearance, she was intending to visit an aunt of the same name, residing in Blin, but the missing young lady had not yet arrived there.

The next line bore the signature; Valentin Bressler, (gentleman) R.

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked my wife, when Arthur had finished reading.

The only opinion to which he ventured to give expression was that it was "a most extraordinary story!"

"Well, what shall you do about it?" she continued.

"Give her guardian the desired information, and take the hundred thalers in reward.

"The whole amount I will spend to buy you a sable, for next Christmas,—as your reward for adhering so admirably to your deaf and dumb role!"

"Then you will let her be taken away—you will beat a retreat!"

"Only wait until to-morrow morning, dear aunt, and then you will see how I will beat a retreat!"

And then grasping the shoulder of the youth with the bills, the young man said:

"You need not travel any further by rail.

"Take the next train back to R; go immediately to Herr Bressler, and tell him if he will meet me here, at this station to-morrow noon—my name is of no consequence in this case—I will give him the information he desires."

The youth stared at the young man as if he thought he was joking; but Arthur coolly took the bundle of hand-bills from his arm, leaving him no choice, and after counting them, and paying the dumfounded boy for the same, at the rate of two cents a piece, he tore them all to shreds, as he said:

"Go, and do not forget your errand!"

Then tearing the freshly pasted poster from the wall, he came with his aunt back to Viola and myself.

The evening of that same day, after tea, we, my wife and I, sat at an open window, looking out upon the veranda, where Arthur and Viola were sitting in a cozy corner.

He, with a feeling of security, holding one of her little white hands.

She, allowing its duplicate to rest upon his shoulder, while her rapturous eyes were fixed upon his face, as he recited one of my poems.

This was the first time, I believe, that she had ever requested him to give her such a poetical feast, or that he had exerted himself to air his pseudo-genius.

When he had finished, his voice suddenly took on a tone of gravest meaning, as he said:

"Tell me, Viola, with perfect frankness, when you started on your journey, to come here, what impression had A. Heilborn, the celebrated poet, made upon you?"

"Describe your feelings exactly,—if it is possible!"

She reflected a moment, then said:

"I was filled with admiration—veneration for your genius!"

"Would you have come just the same, if you had been told that I was an old married man—the father of a family?"

I perceived that these words whose significance Viola evidently thoroughly understood, had a displeasing effect, for the moonlight, whose tender paleness had a moment before touched a face of quiet happiness, now showed me one aflame with scorn and indignation.

With a gesture full of wounded pride, or as if she would withdraw a misplaced confidence, one hand freed itself from his clasp, while the other vanished from the shoulder of the young man, who provoked her into loading words and tone with the sting of irritation, as she replied:

"I came here to see a poet; I did not

stop to think whether he were a good old man, or a young man full of conceit!"

"Do not be angry with me—you will soon comprehend why I ask.

"You have now been here a number of days; when your letter came, it struck me that the writer must be,—well a regular blue-stocking—but, Viola, each day of your stay here draws me nearer to heaven, and gives life new force and sweetness.

"You have become dearer to me than the fame that would crown me if I could be a Schiller.

"Now let your own, true, earnest, woman's heart speak, and tell me if such a change of feeling has not also been passing within you,

"Do you not like me a little? Do you not—love me?"

Again the moon's silvery smile touched the face of this maiden, out of which the color had all fled, leaving the spirit of purity that lived in her heart, while her red lips trembled like the fluttering wings of a birdling on its nest as, after one moment of palpitating silence, she said.

"It has all been like one long, beautiful dream—but I am wide awake now—I know what it is that has made my heart swell and throb—I love you with all my soul!"

With a masterful effort I prevented myself from giving expression to my bottled feelings in a loud jubilant "Hurrah!!" But they would not have heard me, if I had, for they were oblivious to everything at this moment, but the beating of their own hearts, which were now in juxtaposition,—a most natural attitude for love's first embrace!

Arthur was the first to speak again.

"And you are sure, Viola, quite sure, that it is not admiration for my talent, that makes you love me?"

"If you had never written a line—if you were as unknown and as devoid of that talent as your poor uncle.

"I would still give you all my soul in love!"

"Thank you, dear, dear Viola!" exclaimed Arthur rapturously.

"That gives me courage to make a confession.

"Forgive me, if you can—but the case you have just now supposed is unfortunately an undeniable fact.

"I am not the Hellborn, who is a poet, and am indeed unknown to fame, for I am nothing but a young man, who loves you devotedly.

"Viola, can you love me now?"

"How—what in the world are you saying?"

"That I have worn a mask, my Beloved, all the time that you have been here. I have made you believe that I am the poet, only because I feared that otherwise you would never, never look at me, never think of me, never love me!

"For how could you, absorbed in contemplating the immortal, glorified uncle, deign to notice the obscure nephew?

"Of course it was abominable to deceive you; but think what a temptation it was!

"If I may venture to say so, my life's happiness was at stake!"

"I am dumb with amazement!" cried Viola. "Who then is the poet?"

"The poet is my uncle Hellborn, who is sitting by the window."

"The mute—so he is not deaf and dumb at all?"

"Not in the least, and still less so is my aunt! Can you forgive me, Viola? Speak!"

"But you have behaved detestably! You contemptible, barefaced imposter!" she burst forth indignantly.

"You false diamond—you glass bead you —— I am so angry with you, I cannot express myself at all!"

"Viola!" cried Arthur, in a voice of despairing entreaty, "it is then just as I feared! Of course I have sinned too much to hope for pardon. I am not worthy of you. All the rest of my life I must suffer for this foolish trick, through which I have lost you. I will leave you in the morning."

With a forlorn face, and every movement expressive of the deepest dejection, he made a motion to rise, intending to leave her then and there, but at this moment the conflicting emotions that swelled Viola's heart to bursting, grew too strong for her control, and seeking that relief which is natural to woman-kind, she threw herself into Arthur's arms, and sobbed out:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost And Found

BY JOHN FROST.

IT was the evening of the wedding-day of Hosmer Allen and pretty, winsome Edna Grey.

It was a most brilliant wedding, and attended by all Mrs. John Marchmont's circle of friends.

The bride was daintily lovely in her rich white lace dress, her pearls and orange-blossoms, that suited well her tiny figure, and pure blonde face.

The bridegroom, a pale, handsome man, many years older than the bride, was grave, glancing often anxiously towards the stately hostess, as if he feared some interruption of the festivities.

But there was none.

The splendid supper was discussed, the light feet moved to the music of a band, the congratulations were heartily uttered, and no one suspected the hostess had a care, when Hosmer Allen and his bride finally departed to take a train to connect with the next day's steamer, which was to take them on their wedding tour.

Every guest had departed except two, when Mrs. Marchmont, pale and weary, turned from the last farewells to re-enter the still brilliantly-lighted rooms.

The two who waited still were her lawyer, and her dead husband's cousin, Ronald Marchmont.

The latter gentleman she greeted at once with stately courtesy

"I thank you for granting my request," she said. "You have given me one pain less in leaving the only home I have known for thirty years. Mr. Allen, who knows all, has promised to keep all painful revelations from Edna until she returns home."

The old lawyer, looking keenly at the quietly dignified woman who thus spoke, said respectfully—

"Mrs. Marchmont, my sister wishes to invite you to be our guest for as long as you may find our quiet home a pleasant one. The same feeble health that prevented her presence here to-night, prevents her from giving the invitation in person; but I hope you will accept her hospitality."

"You are very kind, but I go to Barton to-morrow. I have secured the position of teacher there, in the Barton seminary, and I have promised to go to-morrow."

Then Mr. Marchmont spoke in a grave voice—

"I hope you will take with you, Mrs. Marchmont, not only all your personal possessions, but any articles in the house to which you attach an especial value, either from association or other cause."

"You are very kind," she answered.

After a few words more the gentlemen took their leave.

Already the servants had closed in the handsome house and retired, and alone Mrs. Marchmont went from room to room, taking leave of her old life.

Thirty years ago her husband had inherited the estate from his deceased uncle, and had brought his bride there.

The large income inherited at the same time he had left at his death to his widow.

For thirty years all this fair home, this large income, had been under Mrs. Marchmont's absolute control.

Having a generous heart, she had saved nothing, never deeming the income could fail her.

She had adopted Edna Grey, the child of an old school-mate.

She had given her every advantage her own child could have claimed with warmest love.

She had been very happy when Edna gave her whole heart to a man as noble and true as she knew Hosmer Allen to be, and had provided bountifully for a grand wedding.

The trousseau was all a generous, wealthy aunt could provide.

It was understood that Edna would inherit the Marchmont estate.

But, just three days before the wedding-day, Ronald Marchmont came to Lisle with a newly-found will of the uncle who had enriched his cousin.

Ronald Marchmont had deeply offended this relative before his death, and expected nothing better than to be disinherited.

But, after being securely hidden for thirty years, a later will than the one disinheriting him had been discovered, giving him all the estate.

He came to Lisle, told his tidings to Mr. Allison, Mrs. Marchmont's lawyer, and proved his identity and claim to the property.

Mrs. Marchmont, hiding her own pain, only pleaded for a little delay, until Edna should be far away from the knowledge of the cruel news.

She told Hosmer Allen all.

But his love was not founded upon the rumored inheritance of his promised bride.

He willingly consented to keep the news from her.

So, with her usual serene face Mrs. Marchmont had concluded her preparations for the wedding, while she, at the same time, applied herself to the novel task of seeking employment.

It seemed to her a special Providence that the vacancy at Barton Seminary was advertised at that time, and she was profoundly grateful when she was accepted to fill the position of assistant teacher.

In the early morning, with only her clothing and personal effects packed in two large trunks, Mrs. Marchmont left her old home and turned her face to Barton, a town some twenty miles from Lisle.

A year later, about a week before Christmas, a close hack drove rapidly from the railway station at Lisle, stopping before the fine house which Mrs. Marchmont had left when she entered upon her new life.

A little figure, clad in deepest morning, sprang from the hack, and mounting the steps, rang the bell.

Again and again the resounding peal echoed through the great house; but there was no answer to it.

At last a window in the next house was raised, and a voice said—

"There is no one in that house. It is for sale."

"Where is Mrs. Marchmont?" asked the lady in mourning.

"I cannot tell you; but 'Mr. Allison' is agent for the sale of the house."

In a moment the little black-robed figure was back at the back door.

"Do you know where Mr. Allison lives, in Elm Street?" she asked the driver.

"Yes'm."

"Drive there as quickly as you can. It is not yet nine o'clock; he may be willing to see me."

"Yes'm."

It required an extraordinary event to upset Mr. Allison's perfect repose of manner, but it certainly was upset, about fifteen minutes later, when a little figure in close widow's weeds entered the library where he was reading, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Allison, is my Aunt Lizzie dead?"

Down went the lawyer's ponderous book upon the floor, as he started erect.

"Edna Allen!" he cried, "where did you come from, and in that dress?"

"Did you not get my letters? Did you not know that my poor husband was dead? And now—the house is all shut up—Aunt Lizzie!"

"There, there, don't cry so. Your aunt is alive and well. Let me bring your trunks in, and I will tell you all about it."

So saying, the old lawyer rang the bell, sent a servant out for the traveller's baggage, summoned his sister, and then told Edna all about it.

The long-guarded secret could be kept no longer.

* * * * * *

In the Barton Seminary, and elderly, white-haired lady, with a sweet, sad face, opened a letter, and read it over, with an anxious look.

It was from her lawyer, Mr. Allison, and it begged of her, for reasons of the deepest importance, to meet him in her old home on the evening of the day then passing.

But the sentence that caused the deepest pain to the loving heart was the postscript of the letter.

"I have just heard of Hosmer Allen's death in Paris last month."

"Hosmer Allen dead! Where is my poor Edna? A widow at nineteen! Poor little one!"

More to hear the tidings of her adopted child than for any other reason, Mrs. Marchmont resolved to obey the lawyer's summons.

The train from Barton that reached Lisle at six o'clock, carried her upon her journey, and it was but a short drive to her old home.

She was surprised, having heard it was for sale, to find it brilliantly lighted in every room, and to see her old footman opening the door.

She hurried to the parlors, warm, lighted, but empty.

There she saw a large legal envelope upon the centre table.

It was directed to herself, and she opened it hastily.

A large folded paper fell out, and a tiny note.

She opened the first, and found a deed conveying to her the house in which she stood, and thirty thousand pounds deposited to her name at the Lisle Bank.

Utterly bewildered, she sank into a chair, and then for the first time espied the tiny note.

It was directed in a familiar hand, and she opened it, already guessing its contents.

And inside, in Edna's hand, she read—

"DEAR, DEAR AUNT LIZZIE,—Will you accept the accompanying gift from

"Your loving child,

EDNA?

"Edna! Is Edna here?" she cried.

And in answer, the little figure of her adopted daughter came quickly down the wide staircase.

"I thought you would never call me," she cried, as she sprang into the loving arms opened to her.

"Edna, my little one."

"I may come home, may I not?" the young widow asked, lifting her sweet face, that looked so sad in its youth and suggestive dress.

For answer there were only more but tender caresses.

"But I do not understand," Mrs. Marchmont said at last, "my poor head is quite bewildered."

"I will explain it all, then, auntie. When Hosmer was in Paris, he was taken suddenly ill, and although we had the best advice, he died in less than a week after he was first taken.

"Before he left here he signed a will, left with Mr. Allison, giving me his entire property in case of his death.

"And it is a weary burden to think of, Aunt Lizzie.

"I want him so much, so much."

She sobbed bitterly as she spoke, and it was several moments before she continued.

"Mrs. Carleton was in Paris, and coming home by the next steamer, and I was only too glad when she begged of me to come home with her.

"I wrote to you and Mr. Allison, but the letters were on the same steamer, I think, for they came here after I did.

"When I could not find you, I went to Mr. Allison, and he was so kind, so good to me, Aunt Lizzie.

"His sister made me a welcome guest, and when I was rested, he helped me to prepare this surprise for you.

"I have been here all day, making the house look just as it used to look, and we will try to be happy together, here, will we not, as if the past year's sorrows were only heart sorrows, not money troubles?"

"Dear child," was the gentle answer, "I accept the generous gift in the same loving spirit that makes you offer it, and if my love can comfort you in your great sorrow, you must know it is all in my heart for you, as it has been since you were a little child."

"And now come to dinner.

"Mr. and Miss Allison are our guests, and are now waiting for us in the dining-room.

"I saw lots of your prettiest dresses hanging in the wardrobe in your old room, so you can make your toilet while I go and entertain the company till you come."

It was a quietly happy party which met at that dinner, and Mrs. Marchmont felt that her kindness to Edna had brought its reward.

Scientific and Useful.

NICKLE AND GERMAN SILVER.—From a hygienic aspect nickle is as harmless as iron. German silver requires to be well silvered to make it harmless.

FLY-WHEELS.—Small fly-wheels, cast hollow and loaded with lead, is a foreign notion that promises to become popular in this country. They afford the same centrifugal power as the large wheel, cost less and take up less room.

A CAUSE OF FIRE.—It is a curious fact, that hornets' nests often take fire, as is supposed, by the chemical action of the wax upon the material of which the nest is composed. Many of the fires of unknown origin in haystacks and farm buildings may thus be accounted for.

HOW IT IS DONE.—Paper wash-basins, buckets and similar articles for domestic purposes are generally made of straw pulp, and, after they are rough made into the desired shape, they are subjected to hydraulic pressure in strong moulds, where they acquire the finished form.

VARNISH.—Good shellac varnish is made as follows: Take of very pale shellac five pounds, mastic one ounce, and alcohol five or six pints, and dissolve in the cold to prevent the evaporation of the alcohol, stirring the mixture meanwhile. This is a good varnish for furniture, and it is much employed in France by cabinet-makers.

PAINT.—A cheap paint, made of three parts of crude petroleum and one of linseed oil mixed with mineral paint, so give it body. Such mixtures, besides being much cheaper, is said to be quite as durable and retentive of color as pure lead and oil paint, and to be particularly useful for out-door buildings, fences, etc.

PAPER CARPETS.—What cannot be made out of paper is something which cannot be yet be safely decided. A Hartford man has lately taken out patents for devices by which very beautiful and substantial carpets can be made of paper at prices much lower than the cost of common cotton matting. This new fabric even seems to have qualities entirely superior to ordinary carpets. It can be doctored so as to resist water, fire and insects without losing any of the soft elegance which is common to fine woolen carpets.

INGENIOUS.—An ingenious contrivance used as a substitute for matches by Paris watchmen in all magazines where explosive materials are kept consists of an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass, a piece of phosphorus the size of a pea, which is placed in the phial, and some olive oil, heated to boiling, poured upon the phosphorus. Fill the phial about one-third full, and then cork it tightly. To use this light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The empty space in the phial becomes luminous and the light obtained is equal to that of a lamp.

Farm and Garden.

MATCHES.—Do not strike matches for any purpose in a barn. If the lantern goes out, it is better to feel one's way out than to run the risk of burning the barn down, with its valuable contents.

PLANTS.—If coal oil is whipped up with an equal quantity of sour milk it forms a sort of soap or emulsion which can be dissolved in water without separating from it, as clear coal oil does. One tablespoonful of this emulsion dissolved in a pailful of water destroys slugs, worms, lice and beetles.

DRAINAGE.—Keep the barnyards drained so thoroughly that they are at all times solid and navigable. It does cattle no good to go wading about knee deep in filth, and the exhalations from deposits of liquid and solid manure, such as are too often seen on the farm, go far toward poisoning the air for long distances around. The thrifty farmer will keep his barnyards free from mire.

THE DUST BATH.—This is made by nailing together four boards in the form of a square. No bottom is needed. Place in a sunny corner and fill with fine dry loam or road dust, with an extra barrel full to use when needed. There is nothing equal to a good dust bath to keep the hens free from lice. If they are very lousy a bushel of wood ashes may be added to the bath.

THE HORSE.—Don't think your horse in best condition to endure a long trip or a hard drive because he has stood in stable for weeks and done nothing. If there is ever a time that he is 'soft' it is after a long idle spell; but many unthinking men do not realize this, and horses of standing and staying qualities are often injured by being brought too suddenly from idleness to hard labor.

THE MEADOW.—The old saying, no grass no cattle, no cattle no manure, no manure no crops, is as true to-day as when first spoken. Grass takes care of him who sows it. The meadow is the master mine of wealth. Strong meadows fill big barns. Fat pastures make fat pockets. The acre that will carry a steer carries wealth. Flush pastures make fat stock. Heavy meadows make happy farmers. Up to my ears in soft grass laughs the fat ox. Sweet pastures make sound butter. Soft hay makes soft wool. The grass seed to sow depends upon the soil and here every man must be his own judge. Not every farmer, however, knows the grass adaped to his soil. If he does and succeeds by the bushel, or other measures, he is apt to be misled.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1884.

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TIME AND WORK.

Time waits for no man; it travels onward with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course; moments press after moments; day treads upon day; year rolls after year.

Does man loiter, procrastinate? Is he listless or indolent? Behold the days, and months, and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession.

Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings, may be suspended by sleep; darkness, and silence, and death may reign around us, but Time is beyond the power of any human being, besides Omnipotence." The clock may cease to strike, the sun to shine; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must continue to move forward.

It is a truth, often overlooked, that nature, whatever may be her luxuriousness, her profusion, her generosity, with regard to time, as more material things, always makes use of the materials she has at hand. However rich the soil or favorable the climate, she does not bring forth a bountiful harvest without using the seeds which were saved from a former crop.

The leaves which wither and fall from the trees in autumn, and which seem to us to have completed all their possible usefulness, the earth receives into her bosom, and converts into nutriment for the buds and blossoms of another spring.

The water of the rivulet, after refreshing its banks, and flowing into the sea, is never lost, but continues to do new service in cloud, and dew, and rain, without end. Nature, in fact, repudiates nothing, however valueless we may esteem it; she not only saves and treasures it, but sets it at once to work, under new conditions, to develop new forms of beauty and strength.

"Much from little, but nothing from nothing," seems to be everywhere her never-failing law, and her frugality and liberality go hand in hand. It would be well for us if we put our lives and conduct into harmony with this law.

Knowing this, then, we should make a beginning. Remember in all things that, if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first dollar in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled in a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and hold out a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken.

How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning, or been filled with a proper notion of the relation between work and time.

SANCTUM CHAT.

MATTHEW ARNOLD declares that he has never eaten such delicate bread as he has enjoyed in the United States.

—

A CASE was before the Michigan Supreme Court, involving the question as to whether the elopement of a wife from her husband with another man, barred her from a claim in her husband's estate. The court held that it did.

—

A LEADING member of the New York Prison Association claims that the number of criminals is increasing faster in proportion than the population of this country. There are, he says, over 50,000 persons now confined in jails in New York State, and he claims that one man out of every seventy-five met with in the city is a criminal.

—

BASE-BALL making is one of those quiet industries which attracts little or no attention from the busy world, but prove unusually remunerative to those engaged in them. Last year over 5,000,000 balls were manufactured in this country; and as the makers now have a larger number of orders than ever before, it is estimated that 7,000,000 base-balls will be knocked into the great nowhere the coming season.

—

A CORRESPONDENT of a Chicago journal argues that the race is retrograding intellectually. He asks: "Who is there in England to take the place of Gladstone? Who is there now in America to take the places of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Sumner, Seward, and Garfield? And, as regards oratory, who that has spent a winter in Washington of late years has not been humiliated by the paucity and the weakness of the oratorical achievements in Congress, as compared with times gone by?"

—

EDISON, the inventor, indulges in the following prediction: As to the changes which will be effected by electricity in the next fifty years in the city of New York, I would say that I believe electricity will propel the cars of the street and the elevated railroads, light the city within and without its buildings, furnish power for all purposes, work telephones and burglar alarms, deliver the opera, convey parcels, detect and signal fires, operate fire-engines, and possibly displace animal locomotion for vehicles.

—

THE following fresh statistics, in regard to the ownership of land in Great Britain, will prove interesting reading: Twenty-eight dukes in the United Kingdom possess 158 separate estates, comprising nearly 4,000,000 acres. The other members of the peerage, 497 in number, hold 1,435 separate estates, embracing about 10,000,000 acres. Of 33,000,000 acres in England and Wales, more than 17,000,000 are owned by a body of men which probably does not exceed 4,500.

—

AN anonymous person pretends to have found a plumber's bill, running as follows: Fixing up Smith's busted pipes, to wit: Going to see the job, $1; coming back for tools and help, $2; finding the leak, $1.50; sending for more help, $1.25; going back for solder forgotten, $1.50; bringing the solder $1; burning my finger, $2; lost my tobacco, 50 cents, getting to work, $3; getting my assistants to work, $2.50; fixing the pipe, 25 cents; going home, $2.50; time, solder, wear and tear of tools, overalls and other clothing, $5; total, $23.50.

—

TEACH your children to be tidy. If they make a litter, insist upon their clearing it away. No doubt there is a difference in children; for we have known boys of the same family, of nearly the same age, brought up in all respects as nearly alike as possible, yet one of them was always careless, and became a careless, easy man, while the other was extremely particular in all the details of dress, sports and work. Still, granting this difference, which many call a natural difference, we believe a persistent training in early childhood would make an orderly man out of the most careless child.

—

THE report of the commissioner appointed by the British Government to inquire into our educational system, declares that "the effect of the public schools, colleges and universities is not especially marked, excepting in general education in the literary branches, and in this direction their influence is not altogether a benefit. Too large a class of young people of both sexes in America are seeking pursuits that avoid manual labor. Their education in the high schools and colleges tends rather to unfit them for the active industries of life in a country where the vast resources of nature are waiting for 'willing and trained' hands to utilize them."

—

AN architectural novelty is the duplex apartment house. Its peculiarity consists in having twice as many stories in front, so far as the arrangement of the different flats is concerned, as it has at the back. This device gives very high ceilings for the parlors and dining-rooms, and economizes space by means of low ones for the kitchen and sleeping rooms. But this involves some eccentricity as to levels. Each suit of apartments has half of the house's front, while the rears of each pair overlap. One family has to go down half a story to get into the bed-rooms and kitchen, while the next go a short flight upstairs to accomplish the same purpose.

—

IT is not a matter of so much surprise that 4,000,000 letters should annually go astray in this country, when one considers the many towns of the same name. For instance, there are in the United States 9 Philadelphias and 8 Pittsburgs, while the record of other cities is as follows: Brooklyns 18, Bostons 11, Baltimores 5, Buffaloes 16, Burlingtons 17, Charlestons 17, Chicagos 4, Cincinnatis 8, Clevelands 10, Columbuses 19, Daytons 25, Detroits 5, Indianapolises 3, Louisvilles 15, Lowells 15, Memphises 8, Milwaukees 3, Nashvilles 14, Omahas 5, Portlands 24, Quincys 15, Richmonds 22, Springfields 25, St. Josephs 15, St. Louises 4, St. Pauls 12, Toledos 7, Washingtons 30, Wilmingtons 18, and Williamsburgs, 28.

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OFFICIAL statistics just published show that the number of suicides and attempted suicides in the Department of the Seine during the past twelve months forms a total of 542, being an increase of 63 on the previous year, when the total was 479. Of these 217 made use of firearms, 148 drowned and 84 hanged themselves, 137 resorted to the fumes of charcoal, and 51 threw themselves out of windows or from the tops of different monuments. There are fashions in suicides as in other matters. Asphyxiation by charcoal, at one time the favorite mode of death, is going out of vogue, the number of such cases being fewer by 112 than in the preceding year; while the use of firearms as a means of suicide is on the increase, the number of cases having been but 114 in 1872, as compared with 217 in 1883.

—

THE classes in carpentering which were established in a Cleveland public school several months ago, are said to have been so successful that the School Board organized a committee with instructions to propose a feasible and economical plan of grafting manual training upon the public school system. The committee entered earnestly upon the work, and after careful inquiry has reported a plan, with estimates, and a proposition that it be adopted and an appropriation made to carry it into effect. The regular studies of the experimental classes in carpentering were continued without interruption; and, at the end of the term the boys had not only developed a taste and aptitude for handiwork, but showed by their standing in the regular studies that the training of the hands had been an important help in the other school work.

—

IN some respect half-barbaric Russia beats us. Hitherto, owners and managers of mills and factories there have been free to deal with their workpeople as they pleased. But on the first day of this year a new factory law came into operation for the regulation of the work of children. A complete staff of inspectors has been appointed to enforce the following stipulations of the new law: 1. Children under ten years of age must not be allowed to work in factories. 2. Workers from the age of twelve to fifteen years must not work more than eight hours a day. Night work for children can only be authorized in establishments where the process of manufacture cannot have a bad influence on the health. Even if allowed, the work must not exceed four hours. 3. The work of children must be regulated in such a way as not to prevent their going to school three hours every day. 4. The owners of factories are to admit inspectors and their assistants into their works at any hour of the day.

—

BY the by, it is rumored that bangs are surely going out of fashion this Spring, and that the hair will be worn brushed plainly back from the forehead. While bangs are not necessary for women who possess low, pretty foreheads, they are an absolute necessity for women who possess high, ugly foreheads. There can be no denying the fact that when the hair is arranged prettily and becomingly over the forehead, it greatly softens the outlines of the face, and lends an additional charm to it. It is all nonsense for people to say that the most sensible women wear their hair brushed smoothly back from their brows. The most sensible women are those who know what is becoming to them. If they look well with their hair banged or curled, they wear it so; if they do not they fail to follow the prevailing fashion, and dress it plainly. The Grecian knot has gone entirely out of fashion except for street wear. It is almost impossible to wear the hair on the top of one's head with the fashionable hat of the period. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair at the present time. Those that are worn are mostly silver or amber hairpins.

A BROKEN STRING.

BY J. W.

Sing, and to you! No; with one note jarred,
The harmony of Life's long chord is broken;
Your words were light, and by light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand,
Strike, and it throbs and vibrates at your will,
Falters upon the verge of sound and still
Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet lost tune. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep to death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain.

And yet, perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night winds sweep
Around our windows when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long, sobbing, moaning cry;

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain:
Hand will touch hand, and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies.

Or, lingering in the summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson west,
Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow,

Some old forgotten tones may raise and wake
Our dying youth; and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of Love steals softly for the old love's sake.

For Each Other.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

MRS NOBLE sat in what she called her morning-room, sewing, and her three companions were her three children, Harry, Lilly, and Freddy—not that she wanted any other companions, for she had an idea that these three were the principal inhabitants of the globe.

She used to be a good deal in love with her husband some years before, and though no teven her enemies could accuse her of being anything less than an affectionate and devoted wife, it is not to be feared that her ideas of the head of the family had resolved themselves into the one all-important fact, that he was simply the "children's papa."

Now George Noble himself was a simple-hearted, loving, easy-going husband; and if the thought sometimes obtruded itself with provoking persistence into his mind that he played second fiddle to a mortifying extent in his own house ever since the arrival of the babies, he was much too good a father to give the idea room in his heart.

He wished that Flora would give him a little more personal attention at times; he would like to take her to a theatre or a concert sometimes—to both of which he liked to go himself—now and then; or, failing that species of entertainment, he would even have been grateful if she could have found time to read to him an hour or two in the evening as she used to do, or listen while he read.

But Flora was too busy or preoccupied, or Lilly's dress had to be finished.

Harry wanted embroidered collars, or Freddy had a new tooth coming, and was cross, poor darling!

George, who was in a profitable business, and had plenty of money, suggested nurses and sempstresses; but Flora tossed her head, and informed him, with some indignation, that only a mother could properly tend and sew for her children.

George accepted the rebuke meekly, and acknowledged that it would be unreasonable to find fault with a mother for too great devotion to her duties.

In this way George got into the habit of taking his amusements alone; and although invitations still came addressed, as a matter of form, to Mr. and Mrs. Noble, it was quite understood that Flora's home duties prevented her from going into society, and George soon ceased to press the matter.

When invitations came that he wished to accept he dressed and went out, and Flora seldom cared enough to ask how he had spent his evening.

Matters were like this, and had been for several years, when Flora was first introduced to your notice.

As she sat at work in the morning-room—though why it was called "morning-room" would have been hard to explain, for its owner might have been found in it morning, noon, and evening, and sometimes, even at midnight—she and the children made a nice domestic picture.

Ellen came to the door, and announced—

"Mrs. Williamson, 'who begged Mrs. Noble wouldn't stand on ceremony with her.'"

Mrs. Noble wished, in an undertone, "that people would stay at home, and leave her in peace to attend to her household."

Then turning to Ellen, she told her to show the lady into the morning-room.

Mrs. Williamson came in, rustling in a charming toilet.

She was young and pretty, too, and for some reason Mrs. Noble felt provoked when she saw her.

It would have been difficult to say why, for she was much prettier herself, had she taken any trouble to evince the fact; and it could scarcely have been on account of her pretty dress, for Mrs. Noble professed to despise dress.

Mrs. Williamson talked of every subject under the sun, except babies.

Of them she did not speak because she had none, and was absolutely ignorant of the subject.

If she had had a single word to say about it, she would certainly have said it.

Just as she rose to go, she said, with unexpected suddenness—

"You know we have a great belle this season—even you must have heard of her, although you never go out, because Mr. Noble is her most devoted admirer."

Mrs. Noble's heart gave a bound as though an electric machine were somewhere near, and had charged right into it.

The color flamed up in her cheeks, as she answered—

"No, she had not heard of the young lady—who was she?"

"Not a young lady at all—a widow—Mrs. St. Albans. How funny that Mr. Noble had never mentioned her—he was such an admirer; really, if it were her husband," etc., etc., etc.

Mrs. Noble scarcely heard her, and answered her adieux in a very distracted manner.

Her heart was on fire.

George the ardent admirer of another woman—George, her George, devoting himself to a rival, while she spent her life taking care of his house and rearing his children—never going to party, theatre, opera, anywhere—but for years making a domestic drudge of herself.

She didn't reflect how much she was to blame that it was so, and how George had striven, years ago, to prevent her from absorbing herself in household affairs that he would gladly have hired servants to attend to.

No; her first and only thought was to see this siren who was stealing her husband from her, and to win him back to his lawful allegiance.

Harry, observing his mother's abstraction, got up a lively quarrel with Lilly and tumbled her hair, while Freddy got at the water in the marble basin, dabbled his hands in it, and wetted his best new embroidered dress.

But the mother neither saw nor heeded.

She was going over in her mind the list of her party dresses, which were all old-fashioned, and deciding that she must have some new ones.

Freddy tumbled off a chair, and was left for Ellen, who chanced to come in just then, to pick up and console.

The children began to think the world was coming to an end; and when Ellen and cook retired to rest that night, the former confided to the dignitary of the kitchen that "she was sure something awful had happened to missus," because when she told her that Miss Lilly had gone to bed with a headache, and Master Freddy was hoarse from dabbling in the water, she had just said—

"Oh, nonsense! there's nothing the matter with them."

On the next day, however, Mrs. Noble was so far returned to herself as to show the usual care of and for her offspring.

At the same time, she contrived to keep a pretty sharp look-out on her husband.

She questioned him with considerable skill about Mrs. St. Albans, and managed to make him talk of her.

She thought he seemed confused, and he certainly showed more enthusiasm in regard to the lady's appearance than was at all necessary.

It was enough.

Flora was furiously jealous.

In the course of the week, two cards of invitation came to the Nobles.

"Are you going out to-morrow night, George?" Flora asked, with more carelessness than she felt.

"Oh, yes, I think I'll drop in at Spriggin's for an hour or two," was the unsuspecting answer.

Mrs. Noble only observed that he didn't ask her to go with him.

With a bitter smile she thought.

"Oh, of course—she is to be there."

She said nothing, but she resolved to attend the Spriggin's party.

Mrs. Spriggin was an old friend, and it would not look so strange to go there alone, for she had no intention of going with George.

She was not long behind him, however.

She had just waited to see the children tucked into bed and fast asleep, and for the first time in five years attired herself in evening dress, and smiled to see that the glass did not reflect the figure of a dowdy.

George Noble was, indeed, somewhat interested in Mrs. St. Albans, but the interest was of a very superficial character, although ill-natured people had made remarks about it.

She was lively and bright, and seemed to like him.

She listened with wrapt attention when he spoke.

She bestowed on him long and tender glances from her great dark eyes.

She spoke to him in low, sweet, confidential tones.

George had for so long felt himself a nonentity in his own house, that his masculine vanity was touched to find that other women found him interesting, even though his wife seemed no longer to think so.

He was grateful to Mrs. St. Albans for making him feel himself of some consequence, and he showed his gratitude by admiration.

Flora watched this little play, and her heart ached sorely—she had, she feared, lost her husband by allowing him constantly to go into society alone.

At last she blamed herself, and her self-reproaches were truly most bitter.

George had just resigned Mrs. St. Albans to a partner who claimed her, and stood watching her slender, sylph-like form whirling through the dance.

Flora was watching her too—not without a sort of reluctant admiration—although she said to herself—

"She isn't pretty a bit. She has only eyes and a graceful figure, without an ounce of flesh on it."

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she held them back bravely.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" was presently asked in George's hearing; "that one who never takes her eyes off Mrs. St. Albans. She can't be jealous. She's a hundred times handsomer."

The question passed round to several people before it was answered.

At last a lady replied—

"Oh, that is Mrs. Noble—George Noble's wife."

"Noble's wife? Is it possible? Why, she's a perfect beauty. What can he see in that little black-eyed widow, when he has such a wife as his own?"

George's ear tingled.

His face flushed.

He moved away, and looked around for his wife.

It was some time before he recognized her, and then—could that be Flora?

That regal-looking woman, in black velvet, with neck and arms of snow, and dusky hair piled up like a crown on the top of her fine head.

Her face was as fresh as a rose, her cheek as round as a peach.

She looked like a girl alongside of women merely her own age, but who were worn, sallow, and hollow-eyed with fashionable revelry.

George made his way to her side as quickly as he could move.

"You here, darling?" he said. "I am amazed—I thought you hated such gatherings."

"Well, in a general way I do; but I think it is right to go out occasionally, just to see how the world turns round."

"Well, you see it is turning round here quite lively. Will you favor me with a waltz? I shall esteem it an honor."

"But a wife mustn't dance with her own husband."

"She certainly mustn't waltz with anyone else, when she's my wife. And then, you know nobody will recognize you."

As he clasped her waist, and supported her to the lovely music of Strauss' waltzes, George whispered—

"I am so glad you came, darling. You are by all odds the handsomest woman in the room."

"Do you really think so?" said Flora, delighted.

"I know so—I'll challenge any man that doubts it."

George was so devoted, that half-a-dozen people accused him of carrying on a desperate flirtation with his own wife.

He positively forgot Mrs. St. Albans' existence, and committed a dreadful breach of etiquette by taking Flora into supper.

Mrs. Noble found that she could still enjoy a party, and even a round dance, without necessarily neglecting her children or loving them less, and she speedily decided to accompany George in future when he went into society for amusement, as much as to offer him so much home entertainment that he would willingly stay there.

When they bade their hostess good-night, Flora and George went home in the same carriage; and if he did pinch her round arm, and kiss her snowy shoulders, surely it was nobody's business.

He felt once more that she belonged to, him from that hour there were not two more happy people in the world—two who lived more for each other, and studied each other's happiness, than George and Flora Noble.

Night and Morning.

BY JOHN FROST.

"GRACIOUS, George! I never knew you were acquainted with those two young ladies!" exclaimed Harry Weston, to his friend, George Meredith, who had just saluted two beautiful young ladies who happened to pass at that moment.

"I've known them for years," answered Mr. Meredith.

"By Jove! you're a lucky fellow. I never set eyes on two such beauties. They are such contrasts."

"Which do you prefer—the blonde or brunette?"

"Oh, the blonde. The first time I met them was on the promenade, a few weeks since, and the fair beauty face has haunted me from that hour. You know it's a foregone conclusion that I shall marry a blonde."

"Why do you prefer the blonde? It is because you are inclined to be dark yourself?"

"Certainly; men should always choose their opposites."

"But does it follow that, because a lady is your opposite in color, her mind, disposition, and temper will be all that you require in a partner for life?"

"Now, George, you are always too matter-of-fact for me. All I know is, if ever you wish to draw a portrait of the future Mrs. Weston, you must paint her with golden hair, azure eyes, and a complexion borrowed from the lily and the rose."

George Meredith smiled gravely down at his enthusiastic young friend, whose manner carried him back into the past, when he, too, bowed before the shrine of an ideal beauty.

But the idol he worshipped proved to be of the earthly, and George Meredith will go down to his grave with the bitter disappointment of that time buried deep in his heart.

"Well," said Mr. Meredith, quietly, "I think it is absurd to marry a blonde or brunette simply because she is a blonde or brunette."

"Now, my dear fellow, I'm not being lectured to-day," said Harry, laughing. "What are the names of your beautiful friends?"

"The lady of your preference's name is Miss Lenore Morton——"

"Ah," exclaimed Harry, interrupting his friend, "a perfect picture of

> "'The rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore.'"

George Meredith shrugged his shoulders, saying—

> "'Don't idolatrize; beauty's a flower,
> Which springs and withers almost in an hour.'"

"Confound it, man! stop your preaching, and promise to present me to the two beauties the first opportunity that offers."

"Oh, then you wish to be introduced to both?" said Mr. Meredith, his face brightening up.

"Of course. Oh, you didn't tell me the name of the dark beauty."

"My dear Harry, you didn't give me a chance. The lady's name is Miss Cora Chester, and if you will come with me to-night to Mrs. Linden's reception, I'll introduce you."

That night Harry was present at Mrs. Linden's.

He was presented to the two beauties; but after the presentation he did not speak a word to Miss Chester the brunette.

He never saw her long enough in one place to make his way to her.

It seemed as if she was here, and there, and everywhere, whirling through the waltz, in the throng of promenaders, and the centre of a smiling circle, all at once.

But, then, Harry was not particularly anxious for Cora Chester's society.

He was completely taken up with

> "The rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore."

He waltzed with her—and such a waltzer!

Harry could not help repeating to himself, from Byron—

> "Such a dancer!
> Where men have souls or bodies she must answer."

Harry was poetically inclined.

Had all the poems that were worth having on his tongue's tip.

Thought of being one himself one time; but, then, Harry was not egotistical, knew he could never be a Byron, and gave the poet business up for a bad job.

After the dance he led the beautiful blonde to a sofa, and seated himself beside her.

He was a brilliant conversationalist, but his companion was a languid beauty; talking was not her forte, and the light conversation which he started soon became too heavy for him to carry on.

Wit and brilliancy were what Harry admired more than beauty in women; and, although he would not allow himself to confess it, he was disappointed in his fair companion.

"There are people," he thought, making an excuse for the beautiful blonde, "who never show to advantage—that is, in conversation, on first acquaintance."

"Have you made up your mind to go to the masquerade next Thursday evening?" asked George Meredith of Harry a few days after.

"Yes," answered Harry; "and I'd give anything to know what Miss Morton is going to take."

"Well, my dear boy, if that is all you want to know, I can satisfy your curiosity. Our blonde beauty is going to personate 'Morning.'"

"By Jove! Are you sure, George? How did you find it out?"

"I have it from very good authority. I asked Miss Chester last evening, in fun, what character she was going to take, and she gave me an answer I did not expect. She said that Lenore and herself were going to appear in the same characters as they did at the last masquerade, 'Night,' and 'Morning.' For some reason or other, they could not procure any other dresses, so she didn't see the harm in telling me, as of course everybody would know them. Very appropriate characters, though, are they not?"

"Very, indeed," said Harry, delighted with the information.

* * * * * * *

Harry Weston, dressed as a gay young cavalier, watched the motley crowd of masqueraders, as he stood in the doorway.

Kings, princes, monks, officers of every rank, both military and naval, and any amount of cavaliers like himself, danced attendance on dames of every station, from queen to peasant girl.

Now he caught sight of Miss Chester.

He knew it was Miss Chester, for her blue-black hair fell in a profusion of waves over her shoulders.

A crescent was on her brow, and diamonds to imitate stars sparkled all over her heavy black velvet dress—"Night" in all her grandeur.

Harry made his way through the throng. He wished, in disguise, to become better acquainted with Miss Chester.

"Sable Goddess," said Harry, as he approached "Night," "perhaps you can render me some assistance. I am like a stranger in a strange land."

"Pray, how can I assist you, sir knight?" said a low voice from under the sable mask.

"By telling me who is who."

"I could point out a great many; but oh, dear, it's so much trouble to talk with a mask on. I do wish it was supper time so we could take off the detestable things. May I trouble you to bring me an ice, sir knight? But, no, never mind, I cannot take it with this mask on. Oh, dear, I'm

nearly fainting," and "Night" sank down upon a sofa that was near by.

"Well, this is entertaining," thought Harry.

"I will bring you a water-ice, and perhaps you can remove your mask without being noticed," said Harry.

"O, no, thank you, it is such a trouble to remove one's mask. There, that is Mrs. May who just passed in bright colors. The idea of a woman of her age, a grandmother, wearing such bright colors; and there is Mr. Meredith. I can't bear him."

Just then a military officer came and claimed the "Queen of Night" for a dance.

Evidently, her royal highness was not in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Well, by Jove!" said Harry, to himself. "So she dislikes George Meredith, and I had an idea that he was partial to this dark beauty. Well, if he is, he may be.

A little of Miss Chester's society will last me so long that I don't think I shall ever need any more of it."

Harry was just at this conclusion when radiant "Morning," in a dress of misty white, a diadem of silver stars crowning her wealth of golden hair, stood before him, saying—

"Gay cavalier, will you tell me who you are?"

"A knight in the court of His Majesty Charles the second fair 'Morn.'"

"There it is again. I can't find out who anybody is, and I suppose everybody knows me. Now, isn't that provoking, brave knight?"

Harry's heart beat fast.

Her voice was disguised, but how sweet it was.

"It is very provoking indeed, radiant 'Morn;' but I am in much the same fix myself. I cannot recognize anyone here."

"Not even me? Now, on your honor as a knight?"

And "Morn" playfully shook her fan in Harry's face.

Harry hesitated, and she continued, with a silvery laugh—

"Ah, you hesitate. Of course, you know me; everybody does and that is why I'm deserted."

"Fairest 'Morn,' you do yourself injustice."

"Indeed I do not, sir knight. See what a train of admirers my sister, 'Night,' has. What a pity we can't all be 'Queens of Night.'"

"Surely you wouldn't change most glorious morn for dismal night? As for myself,

"'I dread the night. It holds
Within its weary bounds
Strife, grief, and fears, red battle-fields,
And spectre-haunted grounds.'"

"You dread the night. Well, that's queer. I love the night, for you know, 'it shows stars and women in a better light,'" laughed fair "Morn."

For some time longer they talked.

Wit and humor came sparkling from the lips of fair "Morn" until Harry was fascinated, dazzled with her brilliancy.

He thought he could love her if he was never again permitted to look upon her fair face.

How could he have left this brilliant creature with a feeling of disappointment the evening he was introduced to her?

There was such a change, he could not understand it.

She was taken from him to join in the dance, and Harry missed the sweet voice and joyous laugh more than he ever missed anything in his lifetime.

He thought of Miss Chester, with her drawling voice and petulant manner, with a feeling of disgust, and he steered clear of her.

He gained "Morn's" side again the first opportunity, and he considered himself the most fortunate of men when he was allowed the privilege of escorting her to supper.

When the company had all crowded into the supper room, the momentous signal was given to unmask.

Harry pulled off his mask and gazed at his companion.

Good Heaven!

What was she doing?

Not trying to take off her head, Harry hoped.

No, not exactly.

Only her mask and profusion of golden hair.

And instead of Harry seeing "the radiant maiden whom the angels call Lenore," his astonished gaze fell upon the laughing eyes and sparkling dark face of Cora Chester.

A great many mental "By Joves!" was all Harry was capable of just then.

He looked down the length of the table for another transformation scene, and he beheld it.

"Night" had discarded her black mask and inky wig, and the beautiful fair face and golden hair of Lenore Morton met his view.

"George, old boy, you're right," said Harry to his friend next day.

"I'll be hanged if I see the use in a fellow marrying a blonde simply because she is a blonde."

And before a year had passed away, Harry Weston led to the altar "a rare and radiant maiden," but the angels didn't call her Lenore, for her name was Cora Chester.

In an Indiana town, last week, a convert was baptized through the ice with the atmosphere at fifteen degrees below zero. And it was mighty lucky, too, for his future happiness, that he was baptized so promptly. That same night he was taken with inflammation of the lungs and died the next day.

A Brave Deed.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

ADA CARFIT was decidedly the belle of Sharborough; and as that small but bustling Midland town had a reputation amongst its neighbors for lovely lasses, the distinction was a great one.

In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight: but in feature she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and of tint.

She had a lofty, well-proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves of auburn hair.

She had eyes of dreamy blue, cheeks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carmine to throw into relief the pearly whiteness of her teeth.

The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled her.

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being a very considerable heiress.

Naturally she had of suitors not a few.

But ladies Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry.

She relished her power over susceptible hearts, and did her best to extend it.

The breath of homage was as life to her. She led her wooers gently on till the toils were all about them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impalpable, impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for newer comers.

It was an amusement, half the zest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims.

Men were strong and must protect themselves.

The last to enter a charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlstone was two-and-twenty; but his thick-set burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older.

He was heavy in feature, uncertain in movement, and awkward in address.

As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston and March, cotton-mill owners, his prospects were very good.

But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-confidence.

Roger's many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was probably this that caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition, to treat him with marked favor.

Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Roger to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one.

But once again she was kind only to be cruel.

"I cannot tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger Herlstone to his younger brother, Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. But this I am sure of, she is all the world to me."

"Then I'd ask her, old fellow."

"But—but—she has always so many round her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I——"

"Have been the best of sons, the best of brothers, and, I have no doubt, would make the best of husbands."

"And I," said Roger, resuming slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and homely man, who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming Prime Minister as of winning such a wife."

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily modest. You are as good as she, and the girl must know it."

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly, "I'll put it to the test and see. If Ada refuses me it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the worst."

The opportunity soon came.

The two were thrown much together at a summer pic-nic party, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gracious. It seemed to her that she had at last succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliments he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile.

She little suspected the commotion that was working beneath the surface.

They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretence of examining some curiously-shaped rocks.

"How still the air is under the sun!" said Ada, stopping at a low fence that crossed the hillside. For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at his face. What Ada saw there made her start and slightly shiver.

"Yes," he said, with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is frequent and very suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning-point too, Miss Carfit; and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what that is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped that by this coldly-spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted.

She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve, "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than any one else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes gleaming within their shaggy recesses, emphasised their truth.

The man was transformed, and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart.

But he was—could be—no more to her than others she had rejected.

This triumph she was used to and gloried in; though usually she had been better on her guard, and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have such things," she replied; "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love——"

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well-nigh into madness.

He had heard rumors of the girl's heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy. Now he could believe.

The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"It is also an error that you encouraged me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accepted my advances?"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to our party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation, and both were glad when it was over.

A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of the afternoon.

Even the mirth of other coursels failed to do more than galvanise her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humor.

It was many months later, and the storms of perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands.

For day after day, and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale.

Wind and rain, wind and rain, was the dreary record; until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasture-lands submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances.

Upon the very brightest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral-like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown.

Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to an uncle at Baysditch, five miles away.

There it rained still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain.

But Baysditch was in the other country, and behind it were the Porley Hills.

The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little.

He was grown graver and more reticent, it appeared, than ever.

And he had lately been taken in as junior partner by Marston and Marsh.

That was all she knew. But somehow his face frequently haunted her.

He had looked so resolute and manly on those Porley Downs.

She even sighed, thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; "but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation.

But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. "That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders? It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back then, by nightfall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off.

The young man was quickly under way. He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there.

But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not.

The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration.

How high the waters were and still rising? Many houses in the valley were already isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business.

But it arose in redoubled fury as he commenced his return journey.

Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him.

He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes, gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be burstен!"

"No!—Sure?" Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through t'embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin' to warn't."

"Jump up here."

And Roger drove as if for his own life instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest.

Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the on-sweeping torrent grew louder every instant.

Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hillsides while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carfit lodging?

Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some distance beyond the clustering village-roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it.

The inmates, only three in number besides the two maid-servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware of it.

Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed.

Roger remembered afterwards how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul.

But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay.

It was more than probable that the house would give away under the avalanche of water which had still to descend.

"Porley dam" was the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Horlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose.

Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan.

There was no boat within reach.

Each member of the household must trust him; and he would return for each.

It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling.

Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered.

"Whether I die or live this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him.

It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees, and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed?

How the spectators held their breath and trembled!

At last, with a faint "Hurrah!" he made *terra firma* with his burden.

But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded.

A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head.

But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay.

They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain-fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks.

Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered, "Ada!" She averted her face.

But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfulness and joy.

He took her unresisting hand.

"I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all—care a—little?"

"Forgive! And I—let me tell too," she cried brokenly, "I loved you though I did not know it, when you asked me first, Roger."

The Danger of Insomnia.

If you are a sufferer from sleeplessness, that warning indication of serious nervous derangements, which, if not arrested, may lead to most disastrous consequences, send a statement of your case to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia. They have successfully treated many such cases with their new Vitalizing remedy, which acts directly on the nervous centres. An opinion will be promptly given, and they will at the same time furnish you with reports of cases from which you will be able to judge for yourself as to the value of their special treatment in your particular case.

The Widow's Ruse.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

SYBELLA, you are going to do what a widow generally does when she marries a second time. You are going to make a fool of yourself. Arthur Austin doesn't love you; it is your money he wants."

Thus spoke Mrs. Margaret, prim and grim, behind her inevitable knitting-needles.

Her niece, Sybella Ruthven, a young widow, looked at her indignantly.

"Why, auntie," she said, "how naughty of you. And have I no charms, that a lover should not be possible to me?"

"You are very pleasing and very handsome, too, Sybella," said Mrs. Margaret; "but can't you compare this man yourself with poor, dear Reginald, who scarcely took his eyes off your face, and would do anything to make you happy? I'd rather live on the memory of such a love as that than take a pretense of love like this.

"Why, this Arthur Austin is too selfish to love anyone but himself; and though of course, first love stands apart, and you can't have Reginald back again, only be sensible for a moment, and contrast Mr. Austin with the men you have refused—that fair-haired young artist—that merry, good-hearted German, with a red mouth just made for kissing—and old Mr. Bell, who, if he were seventy, worshipped the ground you trod upon.

"I tell you there's neither sentiment nor passion in him.

"He is an extravagant fellow, and he is lazy, too. The Lord happened to give him the sort of looks you like, and so you've been silly enough to turn your back on good men, and hold out your arms to him."

"Oh, auntie, anyone would think I did the courting," said the little widow; "held out my arms, indeed!"

"It's all the same thing," said the elder lady; "all the same thing. You dropped into his arms when he held them out, and it's dreadful to me to see you expecting so much, when you'll get so little. A gay honeymoon, perhaps. After that neglect, the pangs of jealousy, with good reason, too no doubt—and bitter, life-long regret."

"Auntie, dear, I love him," said Sybella. "I used to say no woman could love twice, but this second love is very strong, and as sweet as if I were sixteen again. I trust dear Arthur perfectly. If I had not a penny in the world I should be even dearer to him. He has often said he wished that I had not; but I'll not be angry with you, auntie; only I'll test him. I'll prove him. You shall own how generous he is, and how fond of me."

"I trust so," said the old lady; "indeed, I trust so. But I don't believe it, and, besides, you are having your wedding-dress made."

But Mrs. Ruthven, as she kissed her aunt good-night, vowed that the test should be made.

"He will forgive me when I tell him all," she said. "Auntie is so good that I cannot bear she should not know just how good Arthur is; dear Arthur."

Then she ran upstairs, and opening the locket in which she wore his portrait, kissed it a thousand times, thinking those thoughts that fill the heart of any loving woman who is a promised bride, and which are so pure and holy that while they move her she is a better woman for them.

Great grief had come to Sybella when her young husband was torn from her heart; and she had been very wretched for long years, but the wound had healed at last, and then Arthur Austin had come into her life, suiting her so perfectly, realizing her every dream of what a man should be.

Often she wondered how it was that she should ever be so happy again.

Doubt him?

Ah, she would not dare to doubt him.

But Aunt Margaret should be satisfied.

"You are looking grave, my dear," said Arthur, as they sat together the next evening.

"A little, perhaps," she answered; "I have been worried by something. I don't know exactly how to explain it; but when banks fail, people who have their money in them must suffer you know; and you've read of the failure of the ——Bank to-day?"

"Yes," he said; "you had your money there?"

"If I had not, would it trouble me that it should fail?" she asked. "To be sure I have a little besides, but aunt and uncle must have a home you know, and I suppose I shall have about a hundred a year. You'll not have a rich wife, Arthur, after all."

He paused a moment, and then answered in a tone, husky with emotion—

"It shall be my pride and pleasure to see that you want nothing, Sybella. I am almost glad you have become poor for that reason."

Then he kissed her, and Sybella was happy, but ashamed of herself for putting him to the test.

"You see he is all I thought him, auntie," she said to Mrs. Margaret, when he was gone. "I shall tell him all to-morrow."

"No," said Mrs. Margaret; "wait a week. Promise me you'll wait a week, Sybella?"

So Sybella waited, and Margaret, watching, saw the signs she watched for, though the loving woman had as yet no suspicion of the truth.

The wedding-day drew near.

The dress, rich and quiet enough for one who was to be a bride for the second time, was brought home.

And then it was that Sybella again told Arthur how to —— Break and leave, and left her penniless.

She told the story before Margaret, listening grimly behind her everlasting knitting, and she wound up by adding, "and, dear auntie, here, what will she do?"

Her lover had listened very gravely, but when she had finished, he bent over her and kissed her.

"Somehow I love you better for this, Sybella," he said, "and Aunt Margaret, will she not be my aunt also, from the day that makes us one?"

Then Sybella, ashamed of her trick, wept upon his shoulder; but, somehow, Aunt Margaret looked less grimly upon the handsome Arthur, and only said afterwards—

"Wait a week, child. Promise me to wait a week, before you undeceive him."

Then Sybella said—

"You are unjust."

And she was seriously angry with Margaret for the first time in her life.

Four days had passed.

It was a bright day, and there was to be a pleasant picnic party that afternoon.

Sybella and her betrothed were among them.

They were all old friends and Mrs. Ruthven was [illegible] and chatted merrily with a [illegible] with rosy cheeks and flowers in her hair, who was to be [illegible], but was [illegible] and shyness.

Arthur [illegible] gay in his [illegible] spirits [illegible] the [illegible] glee of a [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible].

In vain did his betrothed endeavor to cheer him.

He scarcely spoke or looked at her, and at last his manner began to have an effect on the whole party.

One after the other grew dismal, and the return home was as solemn as a funeral procession.

At Sybella's door Austin lifted his hat coldly, and bade her good evening without even a pressure of the hand.

"You are coming in, Austin?" she said, softly.

"No," he answered.

"Are you ill?"

At that he turned sharply upon her, and said aloud—

"No, I am not ill. I am not blind, that is all. Nor deaf, either. I have watched and listened to-day to my cost. Good-evening."

"What did he mean, aunt?" cried Sybella, when the door had closed. "What has been done? I saw nothing."

"He is pretending to be jealous of young Martin," said Aunt Margaret, quietly. "Sybella, have courage. He means to quarrel and break with you, now that he thinks you penniless. Tell him the truth and he will soon recover from his jealousy. Keep it to yourself, and you will never be able to mollify him."

And this time Sybella only sighed.

But she went to her room and wrote a pretty letter to her lover, begging him with an offer of her lips, which he shocked her by refusing.

"You know how I have been offended, Sybella," he said. "You know you flirted with that boy all day."

"You know I did not," said Sybella. "Flirt! I never [illegible] in my life. Why should I begin to do so now? No woman was ever truer than I have been to you."

"I doubt it," said he. "I have seen much and I suspect more; and since your conduct has weaned my heart from you, we had better part. There is only one way of managing these things."

Sybella looked into his face.

She saw no jealous madness there, only a cool determination to break his engagement with a woman whom he had never loved, and whose fortune had been his only object from the first.

She knew that her aunt had been right, but she had loved him so entirely that it seemed to her as if the knowledge would rend her soul from her body.

She tried to crush the tears back from her eyes, but in vain.

Slowly she drew her engagement-ring from her finger and put it into his hand, and turned away.

At the door a stronger hand grasped hers.

It was Margaret's.

She led her niece to her room, and returned to the parlor before Arthur Austin had left it.

Standing before him, looking straight into his eyes, she said—

"So, sir, you have been tried in the furnace and found wanting.

"You know you are not jealous. You know that my niece's loss of fortune is at the bottom of this.

"Don't prevaricate. You know it is true. I have seen through you from the first."

"It is not your affair, I believe," Arthur answered, sulkily.

"Of course, when a man expects to marry money, he isn't pleased to find himself saddled with a poor wife and her beggarly relations.

"But, of course, I was jealous. I've broken with Sybella on that account, and it is her own fault."

"She has had a lucky escape, Mr. Austin," said Aunt Margaret; "but before you go, let me tell you a little secret.

"Sybella has not lost her money. The bank that failed had not a penny of hers in it.

"And as for the beggarly relation—you mean me, you know—poor Aunt Margaret is worth her two hundred thousand dollars and every penny of it will be her dear niece, Sybella Ruthven.

"I warned her that you did not love her. I forced her against her will to put you to the test.

"And I see that I was right, and you may go, Mr. Arthur Austin."

Mr. Austin departed.

A month afterwards he wrote a penitent letter to Sybella, telling her that he believed himself to have been causelessly jealous.

But the woman who is fooled twice by the same man must be a hopeless idiot; and Mrs. Ruthven will remain Mrs. Ruthven until some better man asks her to change her name.

Effie's Reward.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

STELLA, is it you?"

It was a bitter winter night.

The full moon shining with freezing light over a cold expanse of glittering snow.

The branches in the glen tinkling and crackling under their weight of icicles, the stars glistening afar off.

I had run across the beaten path that led from the house to the barn, to get some apples that were packed so snugly in the out-bin, for old Mr. Cornell had come to spend the evening, and my mother took pride in her unpretending hospitality.

But just as I stooped to lift the lid of the bin, a rustling noise in the hay startled me.

Before I could utter the low cry that trembled on my lips, I saw that it was Stella Severn.

Stella Severn, neighbor Lookwood's girl, a wild reckless thing, who received a bad name at everyone's hand, and contrived, somehow to get blamed for every scrape that was going.

Whether Stella was really bad or not, no one could tell—but somehow she was perpetually under the ban.

Mrs. Lookwood a stiff, rigid dame of the Puritanic type knew no more how to manage Stella Severn than the matronly hen comprehends the roving nature of the wilful duckling that takes to the water in spite of everything—and for some recent escapade, the full details of which I did not know, I had been forbidden by my mother even to speak to Stella.

"Yes it is I," said Stella, slowly rearing herself out of the recesses of the hay, and staring at me with her big eyes. "And I am, oh—so cold!"

"What are you doing here?" I asked, holding up my lantern in sore perplexity.

"I'm trying to sleep," said Stella. "I've run away."

"Run away? What for?"

"Because I couldn't stand it any longer. Mrs. Lookwood accused me of being a thief—she had lost some miserable old teaspoons or other—and I won't be called a thief!"

"But, Stella," I cried, my nature thrilling with vague terror at the mere idea of such bold measures as these, "what are you going to do?"

"The Lord only knows," Stella answered, with more reckless truth than reverence.

"Perhaps mother would let you sleep in our spare room," I hesitated.

"Perhaps she wouldn't!" scornfully retorted Stella. "No decent person lets me in!"

"I mean to ask her."

"Ask, then, and get a scolding for your pains," laughed Stella, bitterly.

"But it's so crully cold, and mother wouldn't shut out even a dog in such weather as this."

"Perhaps so, but I am worse than a dog. You mean kindly, Effie Hearth, but you find out the folly of it."

I made no answer, but ran as fast as I could back to the house, where, breathless and panting, I preferred my request.

"A thief! A runaway! In my house!" cried my mother.

"A lazy, good-for-nothing, who would rather lie in the sunshine than work any time," echoed Cornell.

"Go and warn her off the premises immediately," said my mother.

"I dunno but I'd ought to go for the constable," dubiously remarked Cornell, feeling his stubbly beard.

I slunk away disheartened.

Stella's prophecy had been correct.

But I was determined not to desert my old playmate thus.

Creeping up to my room, I took a solitary crown piece, treasured towards a new frock for a spring muslin, and wrote a short note to Hubert Leslie—Hubert Leslie the young artist who had lived with us the summer previous—asking him to befriend the friendless.

I believe she would do as much as that for my sake, and then hurrying once to the barn, I crept up to Stella's side.

"Stella," said I, "you must go away from here."

"I thought so," responded Stella calmly.

"But here's a crown—all the money I have got. It will take you to York. And here is a note to a gentleman who may, perhaps, help you to find something to do."

Stella threw her arms about my neck, and I could feel her tears, wet and warm, upon my cheek.

"Effie Hearth," sobbed she, "if all the world was like you, perhaps I shouldn't be so bad as I am. Yet I'll do my best. Give me the money and let me go."

I watched her dark form plodding away over the snow until the black specks vanished up the wall of trees that lined the road, and then I crept back into the house where my mother and visitor were.

"Has she gone?" asked the former.

"Yes she has gone," I answered.

"I am glad of that," said my mother "I've no faith in that Stella Severn. She might have had a good home with Mrs. Lookwood, if only she had behaved herself."

And it was not until some time afterwards that I ventured to tell my mother what I had done.

"You are a fool," said she, with acerbity. "Your money is as clean thrown away as if you had pitched it down the well; and I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Leslie will think of your interference."

I hung my head and made no answer.

But when the summer hung her coronal of big cream-colored roses over our farm-door, and Hubert Leslie came back with his easel, I ventured to ask him of Stella.

"Oh," said he that black-eyed girl with the Spanish face? Yes, I remember now. I got her a place as child's nurse with my cousin Mrs. Evelyn, but she ran away within the month."

"Humph! I told you so," said my mother, with the scornful emphasis which is so hard to bear.

I bit my lip.

"Never mind, Effie," said Mr. Leslie, kindly, "a good action is never entirely thrown away, Stella Severn's gipsy blood could ill bear constraint; but I don't think she'll forget you, for all that."

That was just before Hubert Leslie asked me to be his wife.

We were married the next spring, and I went to York to live.

We had a little bit of a room opening out of Hubert's studio, where we kept house, a pair of turtle doves in a nest.

Although Hubert was such a genius, and had painted so many beautiful pictures, he was young and comparatively unknown, and we found it hard to live, particularly after the twins had opened their blue eyes on the wintry sunshine of a glorious February day.

I had done a little fancy needle-work heretofore; but now my hands were tied, and it was hard to see the shadows creep over Hubert's brow, and know I had no power to lift them.

So the years went by.

More little ones clustered around our scanty board, and although Hubert worked hard and conscientiously, there were other artists who pandered to the public taste, and received more orders.

We were very poor.

"Hubert," said I, one day, when the load of poverty had been almost more than we could bear, "don't you wish you never had married?"

"Do I wish the sunshine had never come into my life?" he asked.

"Never put that question again, little wife. What would existence be worth without you and the babies?"

"If you could only sell that picture," I sighed, thinking of something that had been on the easel for months.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Harper says it isn't worth anything," said he. "Harper thinks it is far beyond the popular standard of appreciation."

I sighed; but in spite of all our privations I would not have asked Hubert to lower his grand ideal of art.

I was proud of it.

Hubert came in from the studio next day with a radiant face.

"Wifey, the golden age had dawned, and true art is appreciated at last. I have sold my picture."

"Not the 'Sunrise,' Hubert?"

"Yes, the 'Sunrise.' Look! Here's a cheque for a thousand signed by Estella Severini, the prima donna. She is in the studio now, and she says she wants to be introduced to the artist's wife."

"But Hubert, my dress!"

"Oh, your dress is well enough, Mrs. Cinderella," he cried, laughing, as he drew me towards the door.

A lady sat in the model's chair—a tall, superbly-moulded lady, dressed in black velvet, and an Indian shawl, with hair of rippled purplish black and large dusky eyes.

The instant she looked up, I knew her again.

"Stella! Stella Severn!" I cried, with a sort of gasp.

She rose, laughing and crying, and ran into my arms.

"Like darling to think that we should meet after all these years!"

She told me then her story.

How, after long battling with the world's vicissitudes, she had come across an opera manager who perceived the hidden treasure that existed in her voice, and voluntarily assumed the expense of training it.

"And I am rich and famous now," said she. "I can pay back the debt I owe to you, Effie, for I think it all had not been for you and your money that winter night, I should have been driven to swallow the little vial of laudanum I had already in my pocket!"

"O-h, Stella!"

"Ay, but I should. You do not understand how persecuted and haunted I was, Effie—but that is past, that is over now!"

Signora Severini's thousand was the beginning of our new fortunes.

It was the fashion to copy her whims and caprices.

Other people bought because she did—and pretty soon we were able to move to a pretty cottage of our own.

And when my mother and Mr. Cornell, down the country, heard what Stella Severn had become, they declared, sagely—

"Well, there's never any telling how things may turn out in this world!"

In Albany, N. Y., Emma Burrows, aged 15, shot her mother because she would not allow her to attend a ball masque.

Our Young Folks.

CHICKENS AND GRASSHOPPER.

BY PIPKIN.

THREE little chickens, who might have been very happy, were unfortunately rather given to quarreling with one another.

Their mother was constantly rebuking them for this, and telling them how much more they would enjoy themselves if they did not fight so much.

Scarcely a day passed but what she had to part them, and make them sit in different corners of the coop.

She made a little song that she used to sing to them, and the old cock, their father, added "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" at the end of each verse.

And this was the song:

Three little chickens,
Full of fun and glee,
If they did not quarrel,
How happy they might be!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

If they will quarrel,
They will find some day
That a monster strange will come
And carry them away
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The chickens always trembled when they heard this song, as their mother always cried out, "Monster, monster, monster, come!" when they were quarreling, they thought in time the monster would be sure to hear her.

Yet, for all that, they did not leave off fighting.

One day, when they had strayed away from the coop into a pleasant grassy valley, an old stone wall, where the ivy was green, and the branches of the chestnuts hung down, they began to play.

The old hen's voice was heard in the distance as if to warn them, and their father added "Cock-a-doodle-do," so that they knew he was not far off.

For a while they played very merrily together, running races, and hopping, and trying to fly, and they thought that in a sunny place, with the leaves and flowers looking so beautiful, it would be impossible to be naughty.

But, alas!

Before long it happened that Wingey displeased Dickey in some way or other, so he knocked her down on the ground, and began to peck at her savagely, as if quite forgetful of the fact that poor Wingey cried out for mercy.

Wingey was on her back, holding up both her claws, and Dickey [illegible] her down, and would doubtless have injured her very much, but just then a shrill, whistling sound was heard, and a strange-looking creature, with long arms and a body that rather resembled a gherkin, came out to take cognizance of the disturbance.

"It is the monster!" cried the monster," said Pecksy.

The creature stood looking at them, and every moment the chickens thought that it grew larger.

Even Pecksy, who was bold enough to advance his head to take a better view, was trembling.

Dickey nearly fell over Wingey, and she also gave herself up for lost.

Then Pecksy, who, though greatly terrified, was the most valiant of the three, cried out:

"The monster strange is here,
Come, come, oh, father dear!"

The cock heard the cry of terror, and he immediately hastened to the relief of his family.

"What can be the matter now?" thought he, as he hurried in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

Before long he arrived at the spot where the three chickens were standing closely together, their eyes distended to twice their usual size, their legs also trembling, and their beaks wide open.

He looked round, and could see no cause of alarm.

But as he wondered what could be the reason of so much terror, his eye fell upon the grasshopper, on which he made a sudden pounce.

But the grasshopper was too nimble for him, and with a tremendous leap made its escape.

No sooner had it gone than the chickens gave a chirp of joy; their eyes shrank to their ordinary size, they ceased trembling, and stood steadily on their legs again.

The cock wondered what had caused this sudden change, and looked at the chickens [illegible]

"Have you been fighting again?" said he.

"Where the monster came!" exclaimed Pecksy.

"What monster?"

"Why, the monster papa has been telling us about."

"Monster!" repeated the cock, with an air of disdain, "the monster! That was only a grasshopper. But see the power of an evil conscience that can make you so terrified at so harmless a creature.

"The monster strange is much more dreadful than that, and I fear only be [illegible] for he did not come."

The chickens then slunk back to their coop, and related to their mother what had happened.

"It is well that it was not the real monster," said she, "and I hope it will be a warning to you. You now see how a bad conscience makes people afraid even without a cause."

THE CAT AND THE FOXES.

BY J. C.

"I REALLY don't see why you should have so much against me," said the cat to the fox.

"I never come to your den, and I have never injured either you or your young ones.

"Now, if I were one of the hounds, I could imagine that you might be indignant, and wish to make an end of him. But what harm have I done you?

"We certainly ought to be friends, since we have both the same taste for game and poultry."

"That is the precise reason," answered the old fox, "that I have a quarrel against you.

"No sooner have I noted a fine young chicken or a fat duckling, or a plump pheasant, than I find that you have stolen a march on me.

"You, living in the family, are not suspected, whilst I, whenever I carry off a duck or any other bird, am tracked, and have traps set for me, and there is a grand hue and cry.

"And all the time you have crept into the hen-roost after my departure, and helped yourself plentifully, and it has been laid to me.

"If we both commit thefts, surely one of us ought not to blame the other," said the cat.

"You take the food that might come to my children, instead of being satisfied with the saucer of milk and dish of meat that are daily placed before you. If you were out of the way, there would be a better living for us."

"You forget," said the cat, "that I catch rats and mice, and small birds that you would not care about.

"It is only now and then that I get a chance at a pheasant, whilst you get them at all times.

"There is no one to shut you up at night, and make you stay in the kitchen to catch mice.

"And just at this time I have two young kittens to attend to, so I am not likely to be in your way for some time."

"Yes, and many is the young rabbit you will carry off for them," returned the old fox.

"I know all your tricks, and the havoc you are making; and it goes against a mother's feelings to see her own young ones defrauded of their rightful prey.

"We are determined to put a stop to it, and will wait here until you come down, to make an end of you."

And the old fox and her young ones leaped about the foot of the tree, and cried out:

"Come down, thief—come down!"

But the cat paid no attention, only holding on tighter to the tree, hoping that after a time the foxes would go away, and she could escape.

But this hope was frustrated by a robin, whose brood the cat had attacked, who flew at her and pecked her so unmercifully, that in endeavoring to defend herself, lost her hold, and fell down among the foxes, who despatched her.

"Now," said the old fox, "we shall have the ducks and the hen-roost to ourselves; it's not advisable to go shares with those who want the same plunder that we do ourselves."

The bird, who had kept at a safe distance, now soared away, saying, "Thieves always quarrel with thieves whose booty is concerned."

RULES FOR CATCHING COLD.—Don't wear overshoes in damp weather, for fear your feet will look large.

Wear a heavy muffler around your neck one day and leave it off the next.

Make a habit of standing over hot-air registers before going out in the cold.

When very much overheated by dancing stand by an open window to cool off.

Make up your mind you are made of cast iron, and precautions of any kind are useless.

Wear your nobby fall sacque all winter if your winter cloak happens to be a little the worse for wear.

Go to parties in low-necked dresses and go out in the night air with a wrap carelessly thrown around you.

Wear thick woollen stockings all day, and at night when you go to a ball put on a pair of open-work lisle ones.

Do not [illegible] a thick one in a stylish looking Jersey jacket that is not extra heavy, and leave your warm blanket shawl at home.

Wear your heavy wraps all evening in a theatre, and then face a long walk home in a biting frost without any extra protection against cold.

If you do your own housework stop in the midst of your boiling and baking and talk for half an hour with some passing pedlar under the front-stoop.

Have a nervous dread of frosty air and chilly blasts. Stay in the house and watch other people going by, but never go out for a good bracing walk yourself.

If you happen to be overtaken in a rain-storm or snow-storm, and [illegible] on getting home that your feet are soaking wet, don't take the trouble to change your shoes and stockings.

A FACTORY with facilities for making 100000 wooden dishes per day is to be erected in Chattanooga, Tenn.

FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

IT'S very annoying, to say the least. I am sure I do not see how it could have happened."

Mrs. Pontifix arched her handsome black eyebrows, and laid an arm around the shoulder of her son Darrel, a stylishly dressed, imperious-faced boy of ten years, as if to ward off his precious, exclusive person, any evil effects that might arise from the persons whose presence Mrs. Pontifix had expressed herself as being so "very annoying."

Darrel looked contemptuously at the two intruders into the sacred precincts of the enclosed grounds of Mildred Lawn.

"Mamma, I am sure they are thieves. They are gipsies, aren't they, and gipsies are always thieves."

Mrs. Pontifix straightened her elegant, portly figure haughtily.

"We don't want anything of you. Leave the grounds at once."

The elder of the two, a tall, gaunt girl of Darrel's age, dropped a courtesy.

"We have come far, and have no money or food. Let me play, and Giulia will dance, and we get a penny to buy bread."

"I tell you to leave the grounds at once, unless you wish to be put out. Darrel, my darling, do not go near them. They are not fit to be near decent people."

The smaller girl suddenly stopped in her dance, her great solemn eyes looking straight into Master Darrel Pontifix's aristocratic countenance.

"Please—a penny—only a——"

Her low, timid voice was drowned by the gruff tones of the gardener, who had heard the twanging guitar from his greenhouses.

"Clear out of this, you pair of nuisances. Out with you unless you want the dogs on you. Master Darrel Pontifix——"

But the boy's high tenor voice effectually drowned the man's.

"Mamma! didn't I tell you they were thieves? See there—see what she's got—my silver buckle. I saw her watching a chance to steal it."

The gardener caught little Giulia's slender arm.

"Come now, drop it! Don't let me catch you here again, either."

And, kind-hearted at bottom, Jinnison would have left them go, but Mrs. Pontifix angrily refused.

"The little wretches daring to steal under our very eyes. Darrel, go to the house and tell your papa to send a policeman here at once and arrest them. It will be a mercy to lock them up."

Giulia's dark face blanched with fear and rage.

"I not steal it. I not know it on the grass till I tread on it. I not steal anything."

Mrs. Pontifix sneered insolently, and Darrel stopped to laugh maliciously before he sped off to the house.

"Giulia never steals, lady; don't lock us up—see you have your silver—we will go and never come again."

The elder girl took the smaller one's hand protectingly, and slung her battered guitar over her shoulder.

"Jinnison they are not to go. I shall have them arrested as vagrants and thieves."

And five minutes later a strong policeman was dragging the children rudely along.

One, the elder, with compressed lips and flashing eyes, the other little Giulia, crying and resisting with every trend of her little bare feet on the dusty road.

And Mrs. Pontifix and Darrel, in his elegant costume of navy-blue velvet and solid pearl buttons, watched them away without a misgiving.

* * * * * * *

"Will I do, think you, Antonia?"

A more bewitchingly piquant face was never lifted for commendation than was raised to the dark eyes of Antonia Vincenza—a face over which the radiant smiles dimpled in rapid, happy succession.

A face full of light and shadow, from the magnificent eyes black as polished ebony, with heavy, curling lashes, and brows that were an exquisite arch to the small, rosy mouth, that seemed made more especially for a lover's kisses than aught else.

Antonia looked frankly down in the girl's radiant face.

"My darling you are, as usual, past criticism. It seems to me every new costume you wear is more brilliantly becoming than the last, but to-night, Giulia, you are positively glorious."

A little laugh came rippling from the girl's scarlet lips.

"You are almost as great a flatterer as Mr. Darrel Pontifix, dear. He swears by me, I believe."

A sudden cloud spread over Antonia's face.

"I cannot bear to hear that name, Giulia. The remembrances of it, and all that followed, are as fresh to-day as fifteen years ago. The only mystery to me is how you became acquainted with that man, and why you encourage him as you do. You know he will never marry you, dear."

A frown black as her own eyes, then a burst of sunshine long for from Giulia.

"You dear, good sister. Why don't you say I never will marry Mr Darrel Pontifix? Wait and see, that's all; and now for fresh laurels to-night."

And Antonia watched the radiant face away, and turned with a long, bitter sigh to her book.

* * * * * * *

A tiny, octagon-shaped morning-room, hung with folds of rare rose silk, toned down by cobwebs of lace; delicate rose-plush furniture, that had been selected with especial regard to Mrs. Jeffrey Pontifix's brunette complexion; and Mrs. Jeffrey Pontifix herself, in elaborate breakfast-toilet, standing beside a small inlaid table in the centre of the apartment, looking with grieved, half-indignant expression at the handsome, rather dissolute young gentleman lounging in an easy chair beside the fire.

"It is simply preposterous, Darrel," she was saying, energetically. "The idea of anyone refusing to marry you—and particularly the girl who is nobody but a public singer. Why, she may thank her luckiest stars you have so honored her. Refuse you indeed."

"Ridiculous or not, she has refused me, and she knows I worship the very ground she walks on."

Mrs. Pontifix touched the soft, lustrous silk of her dress.

"Girls often refuse the first time, Darrel. Indeed, I think I refused your poor papa twice before I finally consented to——"

"Hang it you don't know Giulia Vincenza, mother, if you think she's that sort. I told you she was and she wouldn't have me, and so won't. Haven't I asked her, begged her, [illegible] and can't I tell whether or not she's flirting?"

It was the remains of the same pleasant voice fifteen years ago, and Darrel Pontifix was just the looking man at twenty-five that ten gave the promise of—expecting the marks of dissipation that late years had indelibly written on his bold fair handsome face—so like his mother's—so utterly unlike Giulia Vincenza's, the witching Italian songstress who had made him her bondslave outright.

"Very well, then, Darrel, if you think you know more and better than I do. However, if you propose to let this Miss Vincenza give you a refusal, why, I presume you will take it quietly."

He muttered something that Mrs. Pontifix did not hear; then looked in her face with an expression she knew meant even more than his emphatic answer said.

"If you call it taking it 'quietly' to go off somewhere—the Lord only knows where—and never show my face here again—if you call it 'quietly' for me to know my life is blighted, for love of Giulia Vincenza—all right. As sure as the sun shines, I will never see you again, or come home again, if she refuses me once more."

Mrs. Pontifix shivered with pain and fright.

This darling of hers, for whom she lived, on whom all her hopes were centred—Darrel to leave her.

Darrel to blight her life, even as this dark-eyed, heartless beauty would blight his.

Her voice quivered when she spoke to him.

"She shall make you happy—make me happy. I will go to her Darrel, and plead our case, shall I? I will tell her how you love her, how other women have tried in vain to win you and your great wealth, how happy we were till she came to disturb us. I'll beg her Darrel, to be merciful to us, and come to us your wife, Darrel, and my daughter. I will go before you leave this house. Wait for me until I come back with good news. She'll not refuse me dear."

And the elegant Pontifix barouche, with its olive lining, its proud [illegible] its prancing princely horses stepping so proudly, and tossing their heads until the gold-plated harness gleamed dazzlingly in the morning sunshine, drew up before the door of the Vincenzas' residence.

Mrs. Pontifix alighted, and went in, and waited in the elegant little reception-room till Miss Vincenza should appear.

Directly came a rustle of heavy silken drapery; then a faint odor of jasmine, then the most regally beautiful lady Mrs. Pontifix had ever seen, whose grand dignity of manner made the lady a little confused.

"I am Giulia Vincenza, and you wish to see me. You are Mr. Darrel Pontifix's mother, I presume?"

Such a sweet rich voice it was, and Mrs. Pontifix began her strange errand at once—pleading as only a mother can plead, for what was dearer than life.

The girl listened gravely; then smiled carelessly.

"Fifteen years ago, Mrs. Pontifix, when you thrust my sister and myself into jail, knowing we were as innocent as the rude boy who made the complaint, I vowed to have my revenge on you or him. I think I have it. Do you remember?"

Then, it came to her like a lightning flash, and Mrs. Pontifix knew she had received her reward; and she went away, to tell her son she had failed, and why.

And Darrel kept his word, and Mrs. Pontifix, a white-haired, lone widow, has not seen his face for years and years.

ANOTHER EXPLANATION.—The phrase that nine tailors make a man is said to have originated in the following incident: In 1743 an orphan boy applied at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed.

His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital he purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit.

Time passed on, and honor smiled upon the young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the college of heraldry for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage door: "Nine tailors made me a man."

MISSED.

BY S. CLARKE.

A silence like the hush of fear
Fills all the house this summer day;
Familiar accents startle near,
Or fade in murmurs far away.

And breaking as from distant gloom,
A face comes painted on the air;
A presence walks the haunted room,
Or sits within the vacant chair.

The lightest wind that shakes the glass,
The sound that stirs awhile the street,
Seems to the listening heart, alas!
Like footfall of beloved feet.

And every object that I feel
Seems charged by some enchanter's wand,
And keen the dizzy senses thrill,
As with the touch of spirit hand.

At morning in the rosy flush,
At noontide in the fiery glow,
At evening in the golden hush,
At night as pass the minutes slow,

A form beloved comes again,
A voice beside me seems to start,
While eager fancies fill the brain,
And eager passions hold the heart.

SOME ODD INVENTIONS.

A FEW inventors achieve wealth for themselves, more than a few make other people's fortunes, and may die disappointed men, having wasted their time and their money upon wonderful things in which nobody else will believe or invest. They are, as a rule, a sanguine race, and rarely succumb to the heart-sickness that springs from hope deferred.

One was so sanguine as to patent a device for preventing railway accidents from proving fatal, under the delusive idea that directors would pay liberally for its use; but they were deaf to his charming.

Horses driven across an open country on a hot summer day suffer terribly from the heat, and if surprised by sudden rain their tender skin is wetted through in a moment, and an instantaneous chill ensues, the occasional forerunner of fatal disease.

Knowing this, a German has invented a substitute for the ordinary horsecloth, serving at once as a protection against sunshine or showers.

Consideration rather for man than beast impelled also the invention of the Shade Attachment for Plows, an umbrella for shading the plodding plowman from the sun's scorching rays.

It was to benefit man, too, that M. Martin contrived his poultry-fattening machine—a revolving cage with a number of cells, in which the unhappy birds are immured. At feeding time the fattener sits down before the coop, seizes the bird nearest him with his left hand, and injects a certain quantity of patent food into its throat by means of an india-rubber hose worked by a pump. In this way hundreds of fowls may be crammed in an hour, and made fit for the cook in eighteen days.

The *Scientific American*, a journal not given to joking, tells us that, pigs not being of an accommodating disposition, when it comes to get a car load to move along a narrow gangway, the first to start are apt to decline moving on, and so block the way for the rest.

The cattle-yard men at West Albany, N. Y., have overcome the difficulty by inventing the Hog-Bouncer—made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support, and placing under the other end two double car-springs, connected with a powerful lever and a spring catch.

Before the car-door is opened, the platform is carried down so as to compress the springs by the lever, and the catch is then hooked.

The hogs are allowed to pass along the platform; and as soon as a block occurs, the catch is sprung; one end of the platform flies three feet upward, and a shower of living porkers shoots over the heads and upon the bodies of the drove. They are seldom injured, but vastly astonished, and the blockade is at once at an end.

Maybe the fair sex would better appreciate the hair-crimping pin, invented by one of themselves; capable of serving also as a dress-supporter, shawl-fastener, bouquet-holder, paper-cutter and book-marker; a combination reminding us of a machine presented to a certain English lady, of which Shenstone wrote:

"It goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of boot-jack, a reading desk, a cribbage-board, a pair of snuffers, a ruler, three pairs of nut-crackers, a lemon-squeezer, two candlesticks, and a piquet-board. Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose, when a paltry piece of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to these numerous exploits, it does nothing well, and there I agree with it."

Housewives plagued with black beetles that refuse to be exterminated, will be glad to hear that they may rid themselves of their tormenters by using the Deadly Beetle Buster, an instrument constructed on scientific principles, and worked by an air-pump.

All they have to do is to stop up every aperture in the room but one, and then fix the Deadly Beetle-Buster.

Upon exhausting the air in the receiver, a current of air will be produced, drawing all the vermin out of their hiding-places, and through the air-pump into the hopper, where they may be dealt with as they deserve.

There is a clock, of Chicago origin, described by its inventor as a patent compensoretarding-accelerating clock, for use in families where they keep unmarried daughters in stock.

If the young man is of an eligible sort, the retarding attachment is turned on, and the clock compounds with old time at 80 minutes to the hour, so that at 1 a.m., it only indicates 11.05 p. m.; and the young lady is justified in staying the young man, when he reaches for his hat, with the exclamation:

"Don't go; it's early yet!"

If the visitor should be of the undesirable order, the indicator is pushed up; and by half-past nine, the clock hands mark two in the morning, and the prudent damsel has fair excuse for giving him his dismissal.

Grains of Gold.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

If you have time don't wait for time.

When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

Few women have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.

Oh! how seldom the soul is silent in order that God may speak.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

We do that in our zeal our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

What is resignation? Placing God between ourselves and our trouble.

When a man resists sin on human motives only, he will not hold out long.

To be true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing, self-respecting.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still.

The afflictions of this life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rust requireth a rough file.

After all, the most natural beauty in this world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth.

Boys will be boys; but they will be just such boys as their companions, old and young, make them.

Those who have obtained the farthest insight into nature, have been in all ages the believers in God.

Whichever trait is the feebler in us needs more abundant exercise by which to grow and strengthen.

Reflection is an angel that points out the errors of the past, and gives us courage to avoid them in the future.

Scrupulous fairness in estimating the doings and characters of others, is not a very common characteristic.

Strive to be rich in knowledge. A man gets more than the value of whatever he gives in exchange for learning.

Nothing so adds to the treasures of the mind, and increases its power, as its thinking. Learn to think for yourself.

When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

Praise no man too liberally to his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back; the one savors of flattery, the other of malice.

Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them; bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

Only the true man can really be brave, only the righteous man walks the darkness, and faces with a serene soul the mystery of life:

We can do without any article of luxury we've never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily.

Femininities.

The latest is an electric girl. She shocks everybody.

Many a man has made a good hit by getting a good miss.

Many men have many minds, but one woman frequently has more than all of them.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Nobody ever saw two women, walking side by side, the one wearing a genuine and the other an imitation sealskin sacque.

According to a French paper, the latest cure for hysterical ladies, is to direct them to take champagne twice a day, but always out of a teacup.

A lady, 60 years of age, residing in Rochester, N. Y., recently skated from that city to Brockport, a distance of 20 miles, in eighty-five minutes.

Mrs. E. A. Ross has been chosen county clerk by the County Commissioners of Harper county, Kansas, to fill the unexpired term of her husband, lately deceased.

A young woman went into a library in School street, Boston, and asked for "Man as He Is." "That is out," said the librarian, "but we have 'Woman as She Should Be.'"

A Miss Halstead recently resigned her position as teacher in a public school in New Jersey after 36 years of service, during which time she was absent only four school days.

It is said that in America women dress to a great degree for other women, fearing their criticisms, and glorifying, the best of them, in the consciousness of superior success.

Francis Parkman, the historian, says that two-thirds of the few hundred women who want the ballot in Massachusetts, have a standing quarrel with the Almighty for not making them men.

The King of Bavaria has appointed a niece of the late Richard Wagner to be "Royal Professor of the School of Music," the first appointment of the kind ever given in Germany to a woman.

An eminent clergyman, not a thousand miles from Boston, was congratulated at one time on the admirable and helpful qualities of his wife. "Yes," he replied, "she's my mentor—and my tormentor."

A fashion lately introduced in Nice is one that can only be followed by the very well-to-do. It is a parasol made of flowers, which are woven together over the ribs, with a silk one. It is a very "Nice" style.

"What would a home be without a man to make things lively when the dinner isn't ready?" asked farmer Furrow, with a playful attempt at making a joke. "It would be nearer heaven than you'll ever get," snapped his busy little wife.

A farmer's daughter in the west of England received a hairy poodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back, thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

It is quite probable that women will be granted the franchise in Canada in the near future, every town council in the Dominion having already approved of it in some way. The Toronto Provincial University, the leading seat of learning in Canada, recently decided to admit women.

We heard one lady telling of another whose bonnet blew off the other day, and she did not discover it until she got home. The narrator of this incident seemed to look upon it as a very singular occurrence; but when ladies persist in wearing a postage-stamp for head-covering we don't think it at all wonderful.

In married life there should be sympathy—companionship. The husband and wife should be friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of master enters the mind.

The story came from Paris that a lady, who attended four churches in one day, missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches, and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed over to her, she thankfully said to the sexton: "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

A celebrated French physiologist states, in the Paris papers, that the daughters of Erin have, of all women, the most beautiful hands. Next to the Irish girls the daughters of Poland deserve the palm. English girls have hands too fleshy and plump, Americans too long and narrow, the Germans too short and the palms too broad. There are more beautiful hands in France and Italy than in Spain.

A well-known musician relates that a pupil once came to him, bringing a letter from her mother, in which the lady explained her wishes in regard to the girl. "You won't have to teach her," the fond mother wrote; "she only wants a few finishing touches—a little polishing off. She already plays perfectly. I've timed her myself, and she can play Thalberg's 'Home, Sweet Home,' in two minutes and forty-five seconds."

A young lady living two miles from town, says a Michigan journal, weighing 118 pounds, and only 17 years of age, arises at 3 a. m., and milks eight cows, helps her mother get breakfast, takes the team and carries the milk of thirty-two cows to the cheese factory, two miles distant, and brings back a load of whey; then hitches the team to the machine or rake, as occasion requires, and does all the mowing, reaping and raking on the farm of three hundred acres.

At a benefit entertainment in New Haven one of the incidents of the money-getting was a mock auction sale of old maids. There were thirteen of these spinsters, and the bidding was spirited; but the result reflected on the perspicacity of the gentlemen who did the bidding, for, after the unmasking the chattel who had commanded the fowest offers, and was knocked down at the humiliating figure of 25 cents, proved to be the wealthiest young woman in the city

News Notes.

Charlotte, S. C., has a colored Salvation Army.

There are 669 Baptist Churches in South Carolina.

Four churches in Montreal now use the electric light.

Great Britain's Quaker population is estimated at 18,000.

Pocahontas is to have a mounment in Jamestown, Va.

Chicago's new public buildings are to be twelve stories high.

North Carolina has three hundred and ninety-five gold mines.

In the vaults of the U. S. Treasury there is $383,749,150 in hard cash.

The loss of property by the recent Ohio floods is estimated at $10,000,000.

The street-cleaning brigade of Paris numbers 13,000 men, women and children.

Eighteen colored teachers are employed in the Nashville, Tenn., public schools.

It is stated that the electric light for locomotive headlights is an assured success.

England proposes to regulate the sale of patent medicines in that country hereafter.

One of Boston's dog catchers has captured and killed 4,032 canines in the past five years.

The cost of the German army now reaches over $110,000,000, and is met with much difficulty.

Jumbo is said to have increased something like five inches in height during his stay in this country.

Pittsburg, according to one of the burglar fraternity, now makes the best "safe-cracking" tools in the world.

Lima, Peru, has made its first step in the march of progress by lighting its streets with the electric light.

Spain produces 120,000 tons of lead in a year—one-sixth more than America, which comes next on the list.

In Chicago recently 320 newly-made doctors have been authorized to diagnose and prescribe for suffering humanity.

The new Prince's Theatre in London has an iron drop-curtain. This is the second of the kind constructed in England.

The offspring of Henry Wheeler, a Georgian, who never saw a city, and never drank alcoholic liquor, number 122.

Children employed in the lace-making schools in Belgium work twelve hours, and sometimes earn six cents a day.

Only seven persons attended a meeting recently called in San Francisco for the purpose of organizing a cremation society.

In the Congregational Church at Grinnell, Iowa, a pew is named for Wendell Phillips, and set apart wholly for the colored people.

Probably the only newspaper in the world that is owned, edited and managed by a blind man, is the Cherokee, Ia., Enterprise.

Farmers in the "cyclone" States of the West are building themselves cyclone pits large enough to accommodate a whole family.

The comfortably-dressed Montreal girl carries about with her from twenty to twenty-five pounds of clothing with her in the winter.

A cow's horn measuring four feet eleven inches in length, and eighteen inches in circumference at the base, is on exhibition at Monticello, Florida.

The Mayor of Schenectady has joined the Church, patronized the Salvation Army, and refused to let "The Devil's Auction" be played in that city.

An Englishman caught two rats, tarred them and set them free; from that time, some nine years ago, his house has been absolutely free from this pest.

London, it is said, has four thousand professors of music, including vocalists, instrumentalists, and teachers, but excluding musical governesses.

By the last official returns 34.4 per cent. of the births in Kirkshire, Scotland, are illegitimate, while in Aberdeenshire 50 per cent. are of the same kind.

London consumes annually about eight hundred thousand heads of cattle, one hundred millions of eggs, and one hundred and thirty thousand tons of fish.

France offers $10,000 reward, open to all competitors, to any one who successfully and economically applies electricity to the heating and lighting of dwellings.

Studying at home, says the Superintendent of the Milwaukee Public Schools, does more harm than good as a rule, and in some cases positive and permanent injury.

Jacktaon Tottla, a peanut-vender in Randolph, Mass., has become the Count Tottla, with a large fortune, through the death of an uncle. He was known as "Dicky Peanuts."

A crank named James Buck came down from Canada recently, and is engaged in pasting bills around the streets of New York, warning people to be ready for the day of judgment.

In 1880 Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett made a gift to the fishermen of Baltimore, Ireland, of fish nets. The take of fish has been increased six fold as a result, and $30,000 was paid out for fish in one day last season.

A singular accident happened lately at a mill in Nashville, Tenn. A workman was thrown toward a circular saw, and, thinking he would strike it, died from fright. When picked up he was dead, but there was not the least sign of a bruise about his body.

A Narrow Escape.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

ABOUT forty years ago I was in command of a barque which had been chartered by government during the Chinese War.

At Nankin we had landed the horses belonging to a regiment of artillery, and were lying close alongside a narrow wharf awaiting further orders.

The hills just above were crowned by a line of forts occupied by British troops; not far from us lay a corvette; while the harbor was dotted with men-of-war and merchant-vessels flying the English flag, as well as innumerable smaller craft.

Our expectation of seeing something exciting in the way of active service was suddenly brought to an end by the declaration of peace, and early in August, we heard all the forts held by our soldiers were shortly to be evacuated.

I had just made arrangements with a friend, captain of a barque lying out in the harbor, to accompany me for a days shooting inland, and to see something of the country, when, early in the morning, as we were preparing for our start, a quantity of ammunition of every description, powder, shot, shells, &c., about two hundred tons weight, was brought down to the wharf, with orders to have it put on board the nearest vessel for after-distribution.

This happened to be my own; and having waited to see the whole stored under hatches my friend G—— and I started on our excursion.

The day was intensely hot, scarcely the slightest movement in the trees, and that peculiar and ominous stillness in the atmosphere which always precedes a violent storm.

We had but poor sport; and tired and hungry, were returning late in the afternoon to the harbor, when the gathering masses of inky clouds burst over our heads into a drenching downpour of tropical rain, speedily soaking us to the skin.

As we neared the ship, I persuaded G—— to come on board with me, instead of returning to his own vessel, which lay at some distance out, promising him a change of garments and a good dinner.

We were soon seated in my snug cabin, doing justice to an excellent meal, and at first hardly conscious of the thunder, which might now be heard growling at lessoning intervals in the distance.

It was not until the lightning flashed more vividly and the peals grew louder, that our attention was at length aroused, and my friend remarked—

"I say, the storm's evidently coming up pretty heavily. How about all that powder of yours? Suppose we should be struck! I'm beginning to wish I'd gone home, old fellow."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "We're safe enough; the worst is about over now."

Scarcely had the words left my lips, when an intensely vivid flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the cabin as with the glare of noonday, followed instantaneously by a terrible peal of thunder, which broke, as it seemed, immediately over our heads, almost stunning us with its deafening reverberations.

The vessel quivered with the shock from stem to stern, and, our faces blanched with terror, we sprang to our feet.

Never shall I forget G——'s agonized expression—

"Gracious powers! we're struck!" and my instant thought—

How soon would the explosion follow, if the mast were struck?

The ammunition lay just below. I believe my friend turned to throw himself from the porthole; but I exclaimed—

"No, no; on deck!"

In less time than I have taken to write it, we had rushed up the companion-way. Pitchy darkness had succeeded the sudden illumination.

As we emerged on the deck, I ran violently against some one.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, captain."

I distinguished the voice of the chief officer.

"What is it?"

"We're struck."

"Where?"

"The mainmast."

"Bring lanterns at once."

The figures of the men could hardly be seen on deck in the darkness which lay around.

Barely had two minutes had elapsed; the lanterns were brought, and I ordered one of the hatches to be raised.

It was an anxious second.

Was there fire below?

Only a volume of sulphurous smoke poured out.

"Open another."

This time the men worked with more alacrity; the first almost paralyzing fear had passed.

One after another, the hatches were lifted.

Smoke issued at first then no more.

There was neither flame nor the smell of fire.

I turned to some of the crew, and ordered them to follow me below.

We carefully examined the ammunition which had been loosely piled around the mainmast, only a thin partition separating it from the upper deck.

Our escape seemed marvellous.

How had it been effected?

That the mast had been struck was certain; fragments splintered from the top lay around, as we saw when once on deck; the lower part was scorched and blackened. One of the crew now came forward with the remark that he and some of his mates had seen the lightning distinctly strike the mast, disappear, then reappear, and gliding along the deck, vanish suddenly over the side of the ship.

With as much light as our lanterns would supply, we carefully examined into the seeming miracle, and soon found the sailor's statement had been perfectly accurate.

I must explain that at the time of which I write, certain arrangements on board ship were rather different from those of the present day.

At that time, at the base of the mainmast, there was the chain-locker, the square erection within which the chain was coiled when not in use.

The electric current had evidently run down the spar, and then, having been diverted by the metal, which was a better conductor, had followed the coil of the chain round the inside of the locker, was conveyed by it up through the scuttle on one side, along the deck, and over the stern of the vessel, where the anchor was dropped into the sea.

The mystery was explained, and I felt that we were safe.

But how narrowly we had escaped!

The whole incident had passed so quickly and there had been such keen excitement during the few minutes our anxious search had lasted, that the progress of the storm was unheeded.

But its fury seemed to have spent itself in that one terrific crash, and now the clouds were dispersing, and the moon soon shone out in all its clear splendor, and the stars appeared one by one overhead.

My friend and I remained on deck for an hour or more before turning in, and then wished each other good-night, with a deep feeling of gratitude for our preservation, none the less sincere that it was expressed in silence, by an unwonted though hearty clasp of the hands.

Early the following morning I went on board the corvette to report what had occurred, and found that the incident of the previous night had caused considerable interest among her officers and crew.

One young lieutenant very coolly remarked:

"Ah, captain, we were looking out for a grand transformation scene last night."

"My good sir," I retorted, disgusted at his levity, "you would not have seen much that's certain. Had we blown up, rest assured your vessel would have gone too; and not she alone, but a good many other craft as well."

I heard later that the officers at the hill-forts above had deserted their mess-dinner to watch the storm; and one of them told me of the intense excitement which prevailed when they saw the lightning playing around the masts of my ship, knowing as they did the combustible nature of her cargo.

"We never,' he said to me, "expected to see you alive again."

Often during my life have I been in peril by land and by sea; but never, I think, was I so near a sudden and awful death as on that August evening, forty years ago.

OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—As far as the nuptial ceremony itself was concerned, the Romans were in the habit of celebrating it with many imposing rites and customs, some of which are still in use in this country. As soon therefore, as the sooth-sayer had taken the necessary omens, the ceremony was commenced by a sheep being sacrificed to Juno, under whose special guardianship marriage was supposed to rest. The fleece was next laid upon two chairs, on which the bride and bridegroom sat, over whom prayers were then said. At the conclusion of the service the bride was led by three young men to the home of her husband.

She generally took with her a distaff and spindle filled with wool, indicative of the first work in her new married life—spinning fresh garments for her husband. Five torches were carried to light her. It has been suggested that the custom once existed in this country.

Shakspeare speaks of this practice where Joan of Arc, thrusting out a burning torch on the top of the tower of Rouen, cries:

"Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen with her countrymen."

The threshold of the house was gayly decorated with flowers and garlands; and in order to keep out infection it was anointed with certain unctious perfumes. As a preservative, moreover, against sorcery and evil influences, it was disenchanted by various charms. After being thus prepared the bride was lifted over the threshold, it being considered unlucky for her to tread across it on first entering her husband's house.

The musicians then struck up their music and the company sang "Epithalamium." The keys of the house were then placed in the young wife's hands, symbolical of her now being mistress.

A cake, too, baked by the vestal virgins, which had been carried before her in the procession from the place of the marriage ceremony to the husband's house, was now divided among the guests.

To enhance the merriment of the festive occasion, the bridegroom threw nuts among the boys, who then, as nowadays, enjoyed heartily a grand scramble.

In this description of a Roman wedding the reader will observe how many of its details correspond, more or less, with similar ones practiced among us, some of which indeed have not altered in any respect, from their remote antiquity.

Don't lie awake nights and cough! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve the cough and induce a good night's rest.

THE MOONSHINE LAND.

Where the ghost of the Goo-goo goes to roost
On the topmost tine of a red-ripe star,
Where the Whangdoo whistles and wheels his voice,
And the throstle quavers afar,—
Where the owls hoo-hoo
Till their lips grow blue,
And the eevers answer a lonesome coo.

Where the moon-mists drip from the lid of night,
And the Hoodoo sports with a skein of shine;
Where the lamp of the light'ning Ong falls faint,
And the Whickwhacks wheel in line,
When the wind blows weak
From his swollen cheek,
And the voice of the Echo scarce can speak.

Where the Twintwelves revel in Rainbows and'a,
When the glass gleams, gemmed with diamond dew;
Where the oberish cogers piroquette,
And the Night-noteh nods at you,
Till your eyes grow hot,
And you wot not what—
The shape of Sheesm, or—a scarlet blot!

—JOE HALL.

Humorous.

A rising man—A balloonist.

Ball-loon—A crazy cricketer.

What is good diet for a wise man? Sage.

A man skilled in forging—The blacksmith.

A man of many parts—The book canvasser.

At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

What roof never keeps out the wet? The roof of the mouth.

Why is a baby like new flannel? Because it shrinks from washing.

When does a woman's tongue go quickest? When it's on a railroad.

Why is S like a smart repartee? Because it begins and ends in smartness.

Why is the average sermon like asparagus? Because the end is the best part.

In what place did the cock crow when all the world could hear him? Noah's Ark.

Why is a big fortune like a hard sum in arithmetic? It's something to sigh-for.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he wants re-pairing.

Once used always recommended in Heart Disease, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1, at druggists.

Why is an author's tale like a Chinaman's pig-tail? Because they both come right out of the head.

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Poesy is a gift quite common to the sons of Scotland—the land of the singer, Burns—but it is oftener felt than expressed. When however, one of her sons of song appears in print, it is more than worth while to listen to his melodies. We have just received a little volume entitled "Poems on Scottish and American Subjects" by James Kennedy that is of this class. Mainly written in the Scottish dialect, and pervaded with all the warmth of national feeling so marked in his people, the work will particularly awake pleasant echoes in the bosoms of his fellow-countrymen although not without charms even to those born under other than Caledonian skies. It is made up of productions of varied nature all of which are good, and some superior. It is likewise beautifully printed and bound. For sale by Robertson & Co. 140 Chambers St. New York. Price $1,00.

MAGAZINES.

Cassell's *Family Magazine* for April is brimful of matter interesting and useful. With its serials, short stories, poetry, miscellaneous articles, a page of music, and departments it contains enough to please and improve all. Among some of the articles are: Sweet Seventeen; How Coke is Made; The Preservation of Health; The Perfect Lady; The National Music of Scotland; What to Wear; Employment for Gentlemen; Within the Clasps, a story; Sights and Scenes of the New World, etc., etc. All the subjects that admit of it are plentifully and beautifully illustrated besides. 15 cts. per number. Cassell & Company, New York.

George Cary Eggleston's contribution to the March *Magazine of American History* concludes his brilliant and timely essays on: Our Twenty-one Presidents, the current chapter treating of, The Last Eleven. Eleven striking portraits accompanying the article. The Barony of Nazareth, a short and very interesting paper by Davis Brodhead; Rufus King and the duel between Hamilton and Burr, by Dr. Charles R. King, grandson of Rufus King; Part II. of the Griswold Family of Connecticut, by Professor Edward E. Salisbury. The Early Settlement of Long Island. Brisot de Warville, his Notes on America in 1788—the subject of the frontispiece to the Magazine; Chapter VI. of the "Private Intelligence" papers. Two Unpublished Letters of Washington; Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices, all combine to make a notable number of this valuable periodical. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

Whether the United States are to regain their former pre-eminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas, is a question that no American can contemplate with indifference. The subject is discussed with marked ability in the *North American Review* for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C. Judge J. A. Jameson, in the same number of the Review, discusses the question: Shall Our Civilization be Preserved; pointing out the means that are at hand for withstanding the various agencies, physical, moral and intellectual, which threaten to overturn our existing civil and social institutions. The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the Development of Religious Freedom. Dr. Felix L. Oswald writes of Changes in the Climate of North America; with special reference to the increasing frequency of disastrous floods. Prof. C. A. Eggart offers A Plea for Modern Languages, in the higher education; and Julian Hawthorne discourses of Literature for Children. Finally, there is a discussion of Recent Criticisms of the Bible, by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.

Among the contents of the March number of that excellent publication *The Sanitarian* are the following interesting and valuable articles: Physical Training; Sanitary Relations of Geology and Topography; Chemistry in its relations to Domestic Life; Viennese Bread; Ventilation; Thirty Years Sanitary Progress in the Navy—Its Present Needs; A Disease no Curable by Physic; Water Supply; Simple Tests for Purity of water; Potato Pancakes; Use of Tobacco; Relation of Sanitary Science to National Health; Education in the United States; The Chicago River; Editor's Table' terary Notices, etc., etc. Dr. A. N. Bell, Publisher New York. Price 35 cents a number.

Among the articles illustrated and otherwise contained in the April *Manhattan* are: Edwin Booth with a photograph by Sarony and illustrations from photographs and a painting by Jervis; Sounds of a Spring Evening, a poem; An Autographical Romance, a story, Julian Hawthorne; Literature and Science, Mathew Arnold; Kismet, a poem, Thomas S. Collier; Rothenburg in Bavaria: An Easter Egg, a story; El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudon, a poem, Edna Dean Proctor; Recent Tendencies in American Journalism, E. V. Smalley; Ego, a poem; Tinkling Cymbals, Edgar Fawcett; Recent Literature; Town Talk; and Salmagundi. Published Temple Court, New York.

Facetiæ.

Of all the Percy family who is the noblest? Percy-vere. And the most cruel? Percy-cute.

How many neck-ties had Job? He had three miserable comforters; and they were all worsted.

Among the proposed fashions of the coming spring is one to have divorce certificates trimmed with crape.

It has been found that the termination "atic" in the words lunatic and fanatic, refers to the upper story.

When would you expect a man to suffer from a stitch in his side? When he has been hemmed in by a crowd.

Brown says it is a wonder there is any truthfulness in the world when mankind begins life by lying in the cradle.

A wag picked up a flower in a ball-room—most of the ladies had gone—and sang pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her."

Father—"I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money." Student—"Yes, and I don't study much, either."

An eagle carried off a small boy at Waco, Tex., and the city authorities are agitating the question of hatching eagles as an important local industry.

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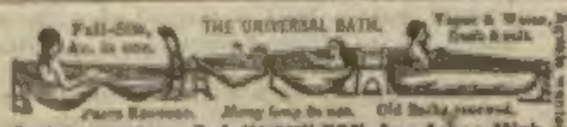

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One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE spring fashions are still only mere conjectures outside the manufacturing world, the weather being too variable to encourage any change from winter garments.

One day we imagine ourselves in the month of May, so brilliant and warm is the sun; but the morrow brings cutting winds, hail, and all the discomforts of a hard winter.

Consequently the result is, a little of everything is worn, and the chronicler of fashions has a difficult task, as is often the case in intermediate seasons.

On cold days pelisses are generally worn, made either of figured woollen or of a new material which has a satin ground, the design in relief being of terry velvet.

The effect is that of guipure of rich design being laid on satin. You feel inclined to pick up the lace, but find it is woven as a pattern on the satin.

Terry ribbons and terry effects will be general in both ribbons and mantle materials.

Shot or changeable silks will also be adopted, and the newest costumes worn at our recent picture exhibitions are combinations of shot silk skirts and brocbe bodices, the brocbe being terry.

In millinery a few novelties have been disclosed. The favorite color for strings and bows is geranium-red; and the new ribbons are either terry or glace, by which latter I mean shot.

The ribbons measure 3in. in width, and the shot effect discloses such colors as grey and pink, brown and blue, &c., in juxtaposition.

The wrong side of such ribbons is satin, but these *epingline* or terry effects are difficult to describe; they somewhat resemble uncut velvet.

For bonnet crowns, embroidery will be in vogue. The ground work is either canvas or batiste, and the embroidery is carried out in chenille and silk, gold threads appearing here and there, and the canvas ribbons to match have gilt cords at their edges.

Ecru batiste so covered with gilt figures that it has all the effect of cloth of gold is another novelty in spring bonnets: it is used for crowns, double or triple puffs of velvet of some dark shade of blue, red, or brown forming the brim.

The demi-saison mantles are long in front and short at the back; they are quickly ruched round the throat, and have high padded shoulders: they are laden with jet; even the designs on the richest brochés are picked out with faceted jet beads; and there are glittering jet tassels thickly studded among the lace frillings that trim them.

Short round jackets, tailor-made and of figured terry, will also be worn, and plain velvet will be used for trimming them.

One generally expects spring will bring a great deal of novelty in fashions, but this is rarely the case.

More generally winter fashions very gradually merge into spring ones, and the changes are neither numerous nor striking.

The weather itself does not seem so very different; a cheerless spring succeeds a mild winter, and it seems as though our climate were no longer to know either intense cold or intense heat.

Fancy woollen materials are offered in great varieties. I have already described many of them.

The styles most in favor for spring costumes are pekin stripes of equal width, either plain or with some fancy pattern upon each alternate stripe; also fancy patterns over plain grounds, either printed or brocaded.

Checks are less in vogue, but large plaids in subdued tints are still seen, more especially for skirts.

Wide braid or galloon, in wool or silk, plain or brocaded, is a very favorite style of trimming; it is put on in numerous rows across the skirt.

Deep tucks and bias-bands are also very much employed for trimming skirts.

A very new style of spring costume is of light grey fancy woollen material. The skirt is trimmed across, or that part of it which is visible, with rows of grey woollen braid brocaded with silk, and round the foot with two very narrow flutings of the material.

The bodice is peaked in front, and the braid trimming is so managed as to simulate a striped corselet, while the upper part is trimmed with a pleated plastron of light grey surah.

The coat-sleeves are striped all the way down with braid; the neck is finished with a narrow turned-up collar; the back of the bodice is continued into a narrow draped puff, while in front there is a short drapery forming a sort of limp puff round the waist.

Another spring costume is of plain cashmere combined with striped ditto. The skirt of the plain cashmere is pleated all the way down in round hollow pleats, and finished with three very narrow flutings round the foot.

Two cross stripes of velvet are put on triangular fashion at equal distance over the front of the skirt.

A polonaise completes the dress; it is of striped cashmere. The tight-fitting bodice is buttoned down to the usual depth of a basque; from which it opens over the skirt.

At the back it is slit open and slightly draped, showing a lining of velvet which simulates reverse.

Collars and revers of the same velvet in front, and velvet bands upon the coat-sleeves. Thick ribbed silk may be used instead of velvet; it should be of the darker shade of the stripes.

No extra outer garment is required with this costume.

In many of the new costumes the bodice is peaked in front and at the back; it is continued into a drapery forming the inevitable puff of the tournure.

The skirt is either plain and trimmed across with braid, tucks of bias-bands, or else pleated in round hollow pleats.

In either case there is generally one, two, or three narrow flutings round the foot.

Hats are mostly made with moderately high, round, and flat brims, sometimes slightly turned up on one side.

Colored straw, matched to the dress, is fashionable, and, is to be found in all shades of gray, and in dark green, blue, and brown; clusters of feathers are put on very much in front, and a simple band of velvet goes round the crown.

Bonnets are all in capote shape, some large, some of medium size, and others quite small and tight-fitting like a baby's cap.

They are very generally trimmed with a thick ruche round the border; this border is of velvet, silk, or lace, as the case may be. Strings are made very short, and arranged in a cravat-bow.

Colored straw is fashionable for bonnets as well as hats.

It is lined with silk either matched or of another shade, and trimmed with velvet or Ottoman ribbon and flowers.

These are generally chosen of a brighter or lighter color. Thus, a bonnet of very dark green straw and silk is trimmed with bright red poppies; upon dark blue straw and velvet is laid a cluster of creamy-white and pale pink roses; and over dark brown a bequet of pale yellow primroses.

The voilette is also made of colored tulle to match, with chenille dots; this however, is not always a happy combination, and in many cases black is more becoming.

Small birds nestling in brilliant foliage are fashionably employed instead of flowers upon some colored or white straw bonnets, while hats are much trimmed with smooth feathers.

It has been rumored that even the round hat was to disappear, being completely superseded by the capote; this, however, is very far from correct.

With the spring round hats are more numerous and varied than ever.

The tiny capots, embroidered and bofeathered, remains the dress bonnet for all ceremonious occasions, but the round hat is, and will be, the female head-gear par *excellence* for spring and summer; it is becoming, young, and pretty, so long as it is not worn of exaggerated proportions or *bizarre* shape.

For the present it is made with a somewhat high crown and with a flat and narrow brim, and is trimmed with large cockade bows of dark or light colored velvet ribbon; there is a border of the same round the crown.

Fireside Chat.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN COOKERY CONTRASTED.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THERE is a great difference in French and American puddings and tarts. I do not think they make many things as good as an American fruit tart; their entremets (as the sweets served as our puddings are called) are generally sweeter, richer, and less wholesome than our puddings.

A tart made as we make one is never seen on a French table; their tarts are made open, with a firm sort of crust, and are filled with grapes, cherries, apples, or any other fruit stewed in syrup.

I think we eat puddings more than French people do; light cakes and light pastry, in which the French excel, so often take the place of our puddings.

Egg cookery generally is very good in France.

I wish before I close these few words to give you two menus, one for a dejeuner, the other for a dinner, and I will select dishes that I think any of my young readers could cook with the assistance of the recipes that will accompany the menus.

I must preface the menus by saying that, in addition to the meal to be served, there are always for dejeuner and dinner small dishes on the table called hors-d'œuvre. Narrow little dishes are used for these.

Butter, radishes, olives, gherkins, sardines, anchovies, caviare, and many other things are used as hors-d'œuvre.

The dishes are partaken of between the courses.

Menu de Dejeuner:
Œufs a la Polignac.
Morue a la Lyonnaise.
Miroton de Boeuf.
Choux fleurs en Salade.—Dessert.

Œufs a la Polignac—Butter some dariole moulds (such as are used for puddings); cover the bottom of each mould with finely chopped parsley, break a fresh egg into each, add a little salt; then stand the moulds in a stew pan in which there is a little boiling water (not enough to boil over into the eggs, cook five minutes, serve turned out of the moulds on to a hot dish, or buttered toast.

Morue a la Lyonnaise.—Put some slices of cod in hot water, boil five minutes, then drain, take out the bones and flake the cod.

Chop four small onions, fry them in butter with a bay leaf; when nearly done add the cod, and fry together gently for ten minutes to brown the fish.

Serve with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley over the top.

Finish by squeezing the juice of a lemon over it. Take out the bay-leaf.

Miroton de Boeuf.—Chop two onions, put them in a stewpan with a bit of butter, put over the fire for five minutes, shake the pan now and then, then dredge in two table-spoonfuls of flour; moisten with half a pint of stock and a teaspoonful of white wine, add a little salt, half a bay-leaf, and a pinch of pepper; boil ten minutes.

Meanwhile cut some nice thin slices of cold beef, put them into the stewpan, simmer gently twenty minutes; take out the bay-leaf; finish with a few drops of vinegar, and serve.

Choux fleurs en Salade.—Divide a cauliflower into small pieces, boil until tender. The stalks and green parts should be put into the saucepan first, as they take longer to boil; when done, drain well, cut the stalks into pieces about an inch long, put in a salad bowl with the rest of cauliflower; season with pepper, salt, oil, vinegar, and mustard; serve cold, or fry for two minutes, and serve hot.

Remark that the three recipes are suited for recooking cold things, which is generally convenient for luncheon.

Menu de Diner:
Soupe puree de Navets.
Soles au four.
Epinards au jus.
Poulet au Blanc.
Souffle aux Pommes.—Dessert.

Soupe puree de Navets.—Take two pounds of peeled turnips, cut into little squares, place in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, stir them over a quick fire, add some salt and a good spoonful of flour, then add two quarts of stock (or rather less hot water), simmer gently one hour and a-half, pass the whole through a sieve, put in the stewpan, season, stir, boil up, and serve.

If made with water, add a little flour and butter, and half a pint of milk or cream, before serving.

Soles au four.—Egg and bread-crumb two soles, dip them in some oiled butter, place side side by on a flat dish with the remains of the oiled butter, put them in the oven, baste them every now and then with the butter, and bake about twenty minutes; serve with cut lemon.

Epinards au jus.—Take one pound of spinach, cook in a saucepan, with one table-spoonful of water; when tender, chop fine.

Make two ounces of butter hot in a stewpan, put in the chopped spinach, and stir over the fire until it begins to dry; then season it, add a spoonful of flour, and moisten gradually with about a quarter of a pint of good gravy; finish with a small piece of butter. Serve with toasts fried in butter put round.

Poulet au Blanc.—Fasten a slice of bacon over the breast of a fowl, put into a stewpan with a pint of white stock or water (warm), mix one ounce of butter and a spoonful of flour together, and add with a bouquet garni and some button mushrooms.

Simmer gently twenty-five minutes, or longer if the fowl is large, turning the fowl over now and then.

Skim and strain the sauce, put the fowl on a dish with the mushrooms round it, and stir the sauce into a saucepan in which you have the yolks of two eggs beaten; let it thicken, not boil. Pour over the fowl, and serve.

Souffle aux Pommes.—Chop eight apples, put them in a stewpan with a tablespoonful of cold water, half a pound of white sugar and a bit of lemon-peel, boil to a marmalade, stirring all the time.

Beat lightly, with a little pounded sugar, the whites of six eggs. Take out the lemon-peel, add the apple to the eggs, put into a buttered souffle-dish, smooth the top with the blade of a knife, bake twenty-five minutes, and serve very hot. The whole of this dinner can be cooked in two hours.

Correspondence.

EMMA.—It would be very unwise for you to fall in love with a young man who is already engaged. You would only be laying in a store of unhappiness for yourself.

AMY.—There may be no harm in visiting the place without the knowledge of your affianced, but there would be a certain amount of deceit in doing so, which might be displeasing to your lover should he discover it.

READER.—The Venus of Lampi is not the Corinthian or Paphian Venus, but the higher Greek ideal—the impersonation of man's purified love, the passion which despises all things for the sake of its legitimate object.

M. P. R.—We must refer you to a work on Decimals for an answer to your question. There are more recent books published on the subject than the one in your possession, containing many improvements in workings. Your writing is fair.

SARAH.—The motto, "Erin go Bragh," means "Erin forever." With respect to the other question, you must be guided by the opinions and wishes of your parents or guardians, as you are far too young to decide or act independently of their directions.

NELLY.—Be certain first that your lover has slighted you, as many young ladies are apt to fancy they are slighted if their lovers, from unavoidable causes, absent themselves for a few days. If he has done so, inquire the cause, and you will be able to judge whether the reason is satisfactory.

BELLA.—There is only one inference to be drawn from the warm manner in which the gentleman acts towards you, and that is that he is deeply in love with you. As you confess that you regard him favorably, you have only to act with a kind of discreet encouragement to secure him as an acknowleged lover.

MAMMIE.—A very simple manner of thanking a gentleman for an evening's entertainment is "I have had a very pleasant evening, and feel grateful to you for your kindness, or "I thank you very much for the pleasant evening I have had." The most natural and easiest way of rendering thanks is usually most appreciated.

ALEX. J.—There was nothing wrong in making your avowal by letter, but it is probable you would have been more successful if you had made it in person. If you really love the young lady, it is not worth while to stand too much on ceremony. By calling on her, and stating your case frankly, you can probably learn just how she feels towards you.

REBECCA G.—The presentation of the Freedom of the City of London is a great distinction, conferred either for public services rendered by the recipient, or to persons of high position, as a mark of grateful recognition. It confers the right of voting for the election of the Lord Mayor, and for the Member of Parliament for the city; two votes for one and one for the other.

DOT.—If both were walking in one direction, it would be scarcely necessary for the gentleman to ask permission to continue his walk with the lady. It would be quite easy for the lady to show him by reticence that she preferred to continue her walk unaccompanied if she really did so. If he did not take the hint, she could then say "good morning," and turn her steps in some other direction.

EDITH.—Confide your trouble to your father or to an elder brother, and let them be on the watch for the man that speaks to you against your desire. He should hear from them that he must desist so doing. Any respectable friend of your family might be glad to do as much for your future protection. When, by chance, you meet this man, look another way, and do not answer him. Some of your friends are likely to know who the man is, and to make him understand that they disapprove of his conduct.

LANG SYNE.—You are quite right in your determination to bear everything possible for the sake of your child. You must remember that you have taken your wife for better or worse, and if you are forced to leave her, let it be in such a way as to keep the door open for a reconciliation at any time. It is the greatest misfortune to marry one with whom you do not agree, but it is a misfortune you cannot repair by violently breaking the bond. Remember, too, that no one is perfect, and that there may be faults on your side as well as on your wife's.

J. L.—The "Vehmgericht" was the secret tribunal that existed in Westphalia in the Middle Ages, of which the members were called "free judges." They professed to take cognizance of all crimes, and made away with the condemned by some secret means, only exhibiting the dead bodies of their victims hung on a tree, to strike terror into others. This terrible secret tribunal existed in the time of Charlemagne, but reached its zenith in the twelfth century. Sir Walter Scott introduced it into his "Anne of Geierstein," dated in the reign of our Edward IV.

JENNIE.—His conduct, in acting thus, is not at all open or gentlemanly, although too many young men would do the same under similar circumstances. Your proper course is to fill your life with other things. Cultivate the acquaintance of other girls, especially of those who are not very "jolly" or "naturally full of fun," and try to make their lives "jollier" and brighter. Take up some study or pursuit for which you have a natural taste. In this way you will learn to exist without the fascinating you in public, you will be able to punish him by snubbing him in private.

F. E.—Curfew comes from the French word couvrefeu, meaning to cover the fire, and dates back to the time before chimneys were used. Fires were built in a hole on a clay floor, the smoke passing through an opening in the roof. At night a cover was placed over the coals and there was a law compelling people to cover the fires when the bell rang at a certain hour. Nobody knows who invented chimneys, or when they first came into use. They were common in England during the early part of Elizabeth's reign, but found in Italy as early as 1347. At first they were built very wide and large, so that they could be cleaned easily. As they became taller and narrower, small boys were employed to climb up the flues and remove the soot and ashes. It was a disagreeable and sometimes a dangerous work, and very touching stories are told of the lives of these little sweeps. The cleaning is now done by means of a patent broom.